

Twentieth Year—March 1, 1913

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The GRAPHIC



YEARNINGS

BY CAROLINE REYNOLDS

Perhaps, the sloping hills are gray with rain today,
With mist-clouds lying low where cupping canyons dip.
Perhaps, the new-leaved trees are burgeoning in bloom,
And droop their fragile buds beneath the rain's soft drip.

Perhaps, the cabin door stands wide for me today,
Perhaps, the jeweled drops that gleam against the pane
Are red with firelight sheen and gold with candleglow—
And on the bending roof there comes the drip of rain.

Perhaps, the valley lights are haloed with the mist,
And o'er the meadow lands the brooding sky is gray.
Perhaps—O, Heart of Mine, the soul o' me is sad,
The rain is on the hills, and I am far away.

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET

GUSTAVO, Francisco, and, perhaps, Emilio Madero have fallen victims to the hatred of Felix Diaz and his co-conspirator, General Huerta, both of whom owe their lives to the mistaken leniency of the assassinated president. When the Vera Cruz fiasco left Felix Diaz outside the breastworks, so to say, we ventured the opinion that the only way to insure peace to the country and stability to the established order was to deal summarily with the rebel leader. Because of Diaz' powerful alliances, and yielding to his humane instincts, Madero commuted the death penalty to life imprisonment. It was a fatal blunder. Huerta is not to be caught making similar error. Nobody doubts that the deposed governor of Chihuahua, Abraham Gonzales, now subjected to courtmartial trial for an alleged revolutionary plot, will be adjudged guilty and shot. That is the Huerta way of establishing peace. Ninety-five mutineers took the blindfold-dead wall route at Sauz Monday, which wholesale slaughter has had a pacificatory effect on the "irregulars" at Juarez and elsewhere. The constitution of Mexico is as dead as the murdered Madero.

If Zapata is foolish enough to put his head into the Huerta trap now being baited for his reception he will deserve to lose it. He has had an object lesson in treachery of late that should require no elucidation. If he ventures within clutching distance of the betrayer of Madero, expecting to be loaded with honors in return for his promise of allegiance, the Zapatistas may as well prepare to elect a new leader. They will never see him again. However, Zapata has proved his shrewdness in the past; he is surely too cunning to be gulled into a feeling of false security by Huerta's specious protestations. Zapata dead were worth a dozen live cabinet officials.

What Mexico now faces is military rule of the most arbitrary description. The policy of the provisional government is outlined in the naming of army generals of the old Diaz type as governors of the various states and each will rule at the point of a bayonet. The army is to be largely augmented and Mexico will resound to the clank of spurs and sabers for a time, with the constitution a thing of shreds and patches. Perhaps, Huerta and Diaz acted patriotically in murdering Madero and Suarez, but we fail to see it in that light. The commonest instincts of gratitude for past favors should have allowed the deposed president an escort to the coast, after the manner Porfirio Diaz was treated by his successor. Perhaps, it was necessary to sacrifice the two down-and-outers in order to preserve Mexico from intervention, but humanity rebels at the procedure. As it is

the request of the United States for decent treatment of Madero has been ignored; his murderers are in the saddle and our ambassador is in daily conference with his good friends, the Huerta-Diaz assassins.

MR. PERKINS' FALLACIOUS REASONING

SPEAKING at the annual dinner of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Saturday evening on "Our Commercial Future" Mr. George W. Perkins told his hearers that the only way actually and permanently to dissolve the trusts is to prohibit the cause of their existence, "which cause," he declared, "lies in the myriad inventions having as their sole object the annihilation of time and space, which means just one thing—consolidation and centralization." Against the Perkins view of trusts, their cause and their alleged cure let us set forth the views of President-Elect Wilson as enunciated by him in his pre-election campaign talks and later presented in his book, "The New Freedom," in which is expressed the new spirit of democracy as interpreted by the chosen leader of the Democratic party.

Mr. Wilson declares that wherever there is monopoly, not only is there no incentive to improve, but, improvement being costly in that it "scraps" old machinery and destroys the value of old products, there is a positive motive against improvement. "Of course," he continues, "I am not saying that all invention has been stopped by the growth of trusts, but I think it is perfectly clear that invention in many fields has been discouraged, that inventors have been prevented from reaping the full fruits of their ingenuity and industry, and that mankind has been deprived of many comforts and conveniences, as well as of the opportunity of buying at lower prices."

This is a diametrically opposite position to that taken by Mr. Perkins, who intimates that the trusts are the result of inventions rather than the arbitrary discourager of them. In brief, says Mr. Wilson, if the trust doesn't want you to manufacture your labor-saving device, you will not be allowed to, unless you have money of your own and are willing to risk it fighting the monopolistic trust with its vast resources. Mr. Wilson's cure for the trusts is not that offered by Mr. Perkins. Business can be untrammelled, declares the President-Elect, only by abolishing tariff favors, railroad discrimination, credit denials, and all forms of unjust handicaps against the little man. Mr. Perkins did not once allude to the tariff as the real progenitor of the trusts. He did not tell his hearers what many of them, doubtless, know, that, under the high tariff, there has been formed—to employ Mr. Wilson's language—"a network of factories which in their connection dominate the markets of the United States and establish their own prices." Mr. Perkins is a protectionist. Not of the old order, whose excuse for the doctrine was founded on the building up of our infant industries—we have none in that class now—but of the new order that wants government to guarantee a "reasonable profit" to the man seeking favors of congress. The viciousness of this system is that the guarantee is granted at the expense of the consumer, who is debarred from buying in the cheapest market.

What Mr. Perkins had to say regarding the income tax was sound and sensible and is worthy of hearty indorsement. What he had to say about our lack of ships to carry our tradestuffs through the Panama canal was not so satisfactory. He did not go to the root of the matter and explain why our merchant marine has become the poor thing it is. Yet he knows; he knows of the antiquated navigation laws and the ruthless interdictions that compel vessel interests to pay from one-third to a half

more for ships built at home than they can be obtained abroad in order to have the proud privilege of flying the American flag and, incidentally, feed fat the steel trust. No, we regret to say that Mr. Perkins missed the vital point in telling his auditors have to dissolve the trusts for all time. That cannot be, and he must realize it, until the means of fostering the growth of particular groups of industry at the expense of the economic vitality of the remainder of the country is eradicated by abolishing the special privileges that a high protective tariff has bestowed.

MRS. PANKHURST'S DEVOTION TESTED

EVEN those who deprecate the mistaken course of the militant suffragettes across the water must admire the courage the women are displaying in their devotion to the cause for which they have enlisted. Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, militant leader, held without bail for inciting her followers to the dynamiting of the Lloyd George country home, has elected to go to prison rather than give a pledge that she would participate in no more militant demonstrations. For this loyalty to principle, deplorably awry though it is, Mrs. Pankhurst is denied her freedom. Naturally, had she chosen the other course and agreed to be good the example thus set would have weakened the resolution of the rank-and-file materially. Doubtless, this was planned by the authorities and checkmated by Mrs. Pankhurst's adherence to the standards she has preached.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Pankhurst has been agitating for the vote for women for thirty-three years. In a Christmas message she sent to her fellow-members of the Women's Social Political Union last December she stated that her long experience of suffrage and other reform movements has taught her that for the voteless, militancy is the only effective weapon. She reiterated her belief in these words: "At this moment, I am more firmly convinced than ever of the moral righteousness and the political necessity of militant methods." Later, she adds: "Perhaps, if all suffragists had taken their share in the milder militancy which so many of them approved without adopting, the more violent acts committed lately might never have been needed. But we have to deal with the situation as it exists. The events of the past year have made us realize more fully than ever that a government measure is essential to the enactment of women's enfranchisement."

In this we catch a hint of the spirit of the leader which she has been so successful in transmitting to her fellow members. Our experience with the suffrage question on this side of the Atlantic is proof that Mrs. Pankhurst's theory is erroneous, assuming that masculine human nature is no whit different over there than here. But it is this militant spirit, nevertheless, as exemplified in Mrs. Pankhurst's refusal to abstain from further demonstrations, pending her trial, that suggests a guarantee of future triumph. The desire for suffrage has become a passion, so deep-rooted that no personal sacrifice will be regarded as too great if ultimate victory is assured by making it. With Robert Louis Stevenson the militant suffragists are prepared—

To go on for ever, and fail; and go on again,
To be mauled to the earth, and arise;
And contend for the shade of a word,
And a thing not seen with the eyes;
With a half of a broken hope for a pillow at night,
That somehow the right is the right,
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough.

It is sublime devotion, a winning policy, perhaps; criminally wrong in its methods and bound to prove painfully disastrous to those convicted of violating the law, but compelling admiration in spite of the irritation engendered by the lawless acts committed.

Sympathizing as we do with the object of the W. S. P. U. we are yet impelled to denounce the methods pursued to accomplish the aim sought. Mrs. Pankhurst is facing a fourteen-year sentence, if found guilty. The government must prosecute to a finish or acknowledge itself powerless to enforce its laws. Perhaps, the cause requires this prominent victim to gain the inheritance women feel is their due.

MR. TAFT'S EXCELLENT BUDGET PLAN

ALTHOUGH the Civil War ended nearly fifty years ago it will surprise many citizens to learn that the country is still carrying a large part of its war debt, in spite of the fact that for a number of years, of late, the revenues of the government have largely exceeded the expenses. In his message to congress, in all probability his last formal communication, in which he submits his plan for a budget as a means for locating responsibility for receipts and expenditures, Mr. Taft calls attention to this public debt of upward of a thousand million dollars, in the form of legal-tender notes. Reason for the non-refunding of this indebtedness is attributed to our admittedly vicious system of banking and currency. Every objection to the retirement of the greenback, says the President, so often voiced in the past, is now without force. He continues:

These outstanding obligations of the government (the legal-tender notes) are a constant menace both to government and private credit—a menace which has operated adversely to the successful financing of treasury deficits in periods of business depression by draining the treasury of its gold—one which would be found even more serious in case the nation should need again to fall back on its credit as a matter of military necessity.

With the treasury demand notes of \$546,000,000 the total indebtedness to be sunk is \$1,310,000,000. Mr. Taft recommends taking into the sinking fund the \$150,000,000 gold reserve against greenbacks outstanding, and the \$137,000,000 advanced from the general fund to build the Panama canal, and issuing gold certificates to the extent of \$287,000,000. Then he would issue \$59,000,000 more bonds to retire the remainder of the outstanding treasury notes, which would leave an interest-bearing debt of the government amounting to \$1,160,000,000 of all maturities, against which sinking fund requirements would be calculated. If it were determined to retire the present debt after July 1, 1914—our present legal requirement to be set aside is \$60,000,000 a year—it would call for about \$45,000,000 annually for a period of twenty years, with, of course, an additional sum to provide for any new bond issues authorized meanwhile.

At present, the sinking fund resource is a farce—merely a bookkeeping claim of \$809,000,000. Mr. Taft would amend the law so as to adapt the annual charge against the revenues to the actual requirements and asks that the book balance be canceled. To provide gold with which to retire the greenbacks, he recommends the transfer of \$150,000,000 general-fund gold reserve to the sinking fund as well as the \$137,000,000 advanced for the isthmian canal from the general fund, the latter amount to be obtained by issue of twenty-year bonds of the national government. Then, to insure the independence of the sinking fund law in the future, he further recommends that the chairman of the senate finance committee, the chairman of the house ways and means committee, the attorney general and the secretary of the treasury be made ex-officio a sinking-fund commission, and that the controller of the currency shall be required each year to audit and state the sinking-fund account to the President and the congress.

Certainly, this seems not an unreasonable mode of procedure and one that promises definite and satisfactory results. We believe Mr. Wilson is broad enough to avail himself of these suggestions for the good of the nation. Our obligations, half a century old, are a menace to the country's financial standing and should be wiped out—and the Taft way seems to be eminently feasible. This is only one of many excellent recommendations offered by the retiring President in his budget plan for the consideration of congress. Mr. Taft points out that ours is the only na-

tion whose government is doing business without a budget and in submitting estimates of revenues and expenditures he is merely following the ordinary course of procedure of the head of the executive branch of any corporation at its annual meeting. He finds the increasing need for an executive account of stewardship. The executive officers under the constitutional President must be held accountable for economy in the expenditure of public funds and when it is considered that they are charged with money transactions averaging \$16,000,000 each business day, the advantage to congress of getting before it a concrete statement and proposal is apparent. Such a statement is designed to facilitate the work of the deliberating branch of government in determining the details of appropriations. Not only will it serve as an instrument through which a perspective may be gained, but, as the President suggests, as an index through which members of congress and the public may obtain exact information as a basis for judgment concerning problems of public business.

FEARFUL VERBOSITY OF LEGISLATURE

PENDING legislation certainly needs the inspection given it by representative members of the three score chambers of commerce in California, now in session in San Francisco. An idea of the enormity of the work before them may be gained by referring to the synopses of the senate and house bills introduced. Take those referred to the judiciary committees, for instance. In the senate we find 595 separate measures and in the house 575, making a total of 1170 bills for the two sets of committeemen to examine—on their merits or otherwise. It is a herculean task which alone would demand the undivided attention of the entire legislature, to the exclusion of all other business, if more than a perfunctory consideration were to be given to each bill. It is obvious that slipshod work must attend such an avalanche of proposed measures. It is a physical impossibility to make intelligent discrimination within the time limit.

In the two weeks remaining, before the legislature enters upon the final half of the session, attempt will be made by the various civic organizations to sift the wheat from the chaff and offer recommendations, but the gigantic nature of the undertaking renders it a well-nigh hopeless procedure. The sixty chambers of commerce, as noted, are endeavoring to single out the proposed measures whose passage would prove a positive menace to the welfare of the state. Until the report of the executive committee is received, to which body has been assigned the duty of separating the good from the bad, with pertinent comment on its action, all that can be done is to make individual criticism of the more flagrant breaches of sanity committed by the untrained and illiterate would-be lawmakers, whose woeful activities have so inundated Sacramento with their freakish fancies.

We doubt if any legislature of any state exceeded our own in respect to the flood of fool proposals introduced in a given time. A glance at the senate docket reveals that Senator Boynton, for example, is the author of 120 bills, resolutions and amendments. We are not yet prepared to say how many are wise or otherwise. Senator Gates is a close second with 117 of his own paternity and seven "by request." Senator Hewitt comes next with 103. The irrepressible Caminetti is easily third with 97; Senator Anderson has slipped in 80; Thompson of Alhambra is the author of 60. Our own Senator Carr must show cause why he is guilty of 43. Truly, it is a fearful and wonderful evidence of fecundity of verbal expression. Whether or not the authors are to be felicitated or decried it is yet too early to determine, but the verbosity exhibited causes one to entertain grave suspicions.

In the assembly individual industry did not quite attain to the numerical heights reached by the several senators cited, but when it is shown that Bohnett of San Jose is responsible for 88, Benedict of Los Angeles 78, W. C. Clark of Oakland 66, Elliot of Riverside 61, Inman of Sacramento 59 and our own Howard J. Fish 47, the awful character of their depredations verbally and tentatively may be feebly

realized. What a slaughter is in store for the major part of these and the other seven or eight thousand bills introduced! Not since the flood at Johnstown have we seen such a cataclysm overtake a cowering community as this one having its genesis in Sacramento and from whose threatened impingement the entire citizenry vainly essays to shrink.

"NO SURRENDER OATES"

EASTERN papers in commenting on the sublime sacrifice of Captain Oates of the Scott expedition who, crippled by frozen feet and hands and suffering tortures from scurvy, hobbled out to meet death in the blizzard, rather than burden his comrades longer with his helpless incubus, recall that in the South African war he gave signal account of himself. At one time he and a detached party were surrounded by Boers who mercilessly shelled their position. Oates refused to surrender. When the last man in his command had exhausted his ammunition and crawled away the brave British officer kept on firing at the enemy and eventually the latter drew off, leaving the captain alone in the redoubt. For this he earned the sobriquet of "No Surrender Oates."

It was of such stuff that Captain Scott's right hand man in the dash to the south pole was made. With his poor feet a blackened and cracked mass of open wounds, his hands in little better condition, his body attacked by that most dreaded of all arctic and antarctic diseases, the scurvy, for days he had been a helpless drag on his companions, already under severe handicap by reason of the mental collapse of Petty Officer Evans until death intervened. Realizing that if he remained Captain Scott with the other two survivors would stick by him and knowing that food and fuel were practically exhausted, with a smile on his face and a simple word of farewell on his lips he raised the flap of the tent and deliberately immolated himself to give his comrades the chance that he knew they would not take so long as he remained with them.

We have met its parallels in American history, but the sublimity of the sacrifice, nevertheless, commands the highest admiration. There were no inspiring conditions to nerve him to this heroic act. For all he knew the world would never heard of it, never even learn of his fate, but the equally brave Scott, minimizing all his own misfortunes, in his last message did not fail to reveal the tender regard of the brave Oates for his associates whose perilous condition had been accentuated by his misfortunes. We hope the British government, in recognizing the heroism of Captain Scott, in refusing to desert the sick members of his party, will not fail to take cognizance of the equally heroic conduct of Captain Oates and at least accord his memory a marble effigy in that British Valhalla, Westminster Abbey, along with other memorials to the illustrious dead.

SETTLING AN HISTORIC QUESTION

BECAUSE there have been three different versions circulated, each purporting to be the authentic address of Abraham Lincoln at the dedication of the Gettysburg national cemetery, November 19, 1863, all identical in thought, but differing slightly in expression, the senate of the United States has adopted a resolution authorizing a committee to report the correct version. The motive in so doing is to be sure of the text before inscribing it on the Lincoln memorial proposed to be built on the banks of the Potomac. Accompanying the resolution Senator Root presented a letter from the commander-in-chief of the Loyal Legion, alleging that more than one hundred versions of Lincoln's famous Gettysburg address were published.

There should not be serious difficulty in arriving at the facts. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have gone into the subject exhaustively in their admirably edited *Life*. They have shown that the three versions are: (1) The original autograph MS. draft, written by Mr. Lincoln partly at Washington and partly at Gettysburg. (2) The version made by the shorthand reporter on the stand at Gettysburg when it was delivered, and printed in the leading newspapers of the

country the following morning. (3) The revised copy, made a few days afterward, upon a careful comparison of other two. It is the latter, the one favored by Mr. Lincoln, that should be perpetuated in marble or bronze, as proposed. The more so because, the year following its delivery, Mr. Lincoln made an autograph copy for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore, in 1864, sales of which, in facsimile, netted handsome return for the fund sought to be raised.

This, we are satisfied, is the version to be used and we hope the senate committee will reach a like conclusion. Its noble simplicity, its grandeur of thought, its wonderful humanity, its perfection of expression, combine to render it an English classic. No wonder that Edward Everett, who was the orator of the day at Gettysburg, wrote to Mr. Lincoln: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." It is of interest to learn that before delivering the address Lincoln told a friend: "It is a flat failure. The people won't like it." How mistaken he was! It was received with enthusiasm by those who heard it, we are told, and has ever since ranked among the world's great orations. That Mr. Lincoln eliminated the rather flowery quotation he had borrowed from Daniel Webster's famous reply to Hayne, beginning: "When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven," was a wise decision. His simple language, expressing such lofty sentiments, would have ill-comported with Webster's rhetorical flight. Let us have the Lincoln speech, in all its beautiful simplicity, preserved in the manner contemplated, for posterity to admire.

FATUOUS SUPPORT OF FREE TOLL HUMBUG

ADVOCATES of the free toll canal subsidy humbug have queer ideas on that subject. One of the most fantastic "arguments" we have met is that offered by the Los Angeles Examiner which is found printing this sort of farrago:

Englishmen are complaining because we allow our coastwise ships to go through the canal without paying. They ought to thank their lucky stars that we permit their ships and the ships of other nations to go through on equal terms with our own sea-going ships. As a matter of fact, if American rights were properly protected, every kind of an American ship, coastwise or otherwise, would go through the canal free, and our European friends, who didn't pay for the canal, would be permitted to support it and keep it going by paying a good price for its use.

Not a reference to our solemn obligation, voiced in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, entitling ships of all nations to enjoy the canal on an equality. "And we actually put them on a par with our own vessels," exclaims the Examiner, pretending to be amazed at such liberal treatment. How ridiculous to say that if American rights were properly protected, every kind of American ship, coastwise or otherwise, would go through the canal free, while the foreign ships would be permitted to support it by paying a good round price for its use. Why should the people of the entire country be compelled to pay for a big, commercial undertaking so that a comparatively few ship-owners might profit? As to the burden being borne by the foreigners, wholly aside from our treaty pledge is the economic question, which involves competition with Suez. Any rate above a certain schedule would send the ships of all nations through the European cut-off to the exclusion of our enterprise. The Examiner argues like a schoolboy.

If to be desirous of having the honor of America remain untarnished is to be sentimental, we must admit the "weakness." Perhaps, it is unpatriotic to strive to keep our flag unspotted, our country unblemished, but we want expert opinion on this subject than the Examiner can furnish. Moreover, the application of hard, common sense would give the decision to that argument which held that the upkeep of the canal should be derived from the interests that used it most. Here is a project costing \$400,000,000 whose legitimate source of income it is proposed to restrict so that a natural monopoly may enjoy still further privileges. Heaven knows why. Cer-

tainly, the taxpayers generally will not benefit by such insidious procedure. If the Examiner would or could offer sound reasons for its support of the free toll measure instead of indulging in buncombe there would be more respect for its utterances. One is almost inclined to believe that William Randolph Hearst wrote the editorial himself, it is so fatuous.

DR. FRIEDMANN MUST PROVE HIMSELF

PROFOUNDLY, is it to be hoped that Dr. Frederick F. Friedmann will be able to demonstrate beyond any doubt that he has discovered a specific cure for tuberculosis. If the medical fraternity is skeptical on that point it has good cause for its attitude. When one considers the army of empiricists whose nostrums have been heralded as partaking of the miraculous in their efficaciousness, only to be disproved when the tests were applied, it is not surprising that conscientious medical men prefer to wait for proof before committing themselves for or against. Nor can Dr. Friedmann object to this aloofness. He has yet to demonstrate the vaunted power of his alleged remedy. His secretive methods are not in accordance with the ethics of the profession. A positive cure for one of the greatest ills of humanity should not be kept bottled in the discoverer's cabinet.

There is strong note of pathos in the avalanche of pleas descending on the Berlin physician beseeching help. Letters, telegrams, personal calls have poured in upon the German savant, necessitating the engagement of a corps of assistants to reply to the numerous requests. It is encouraging to know that the United States government is arranging to make a thorough test of the alleged cure, also that the doctor is planning to open a free dispensary in New York for the treatment of all patients who apply. Naturally, the state medical board will have to be placated. Not holding a license to practice Dr. Friedmann will not be allowed to administer his culture personally, until he has complied with the rules imposed for the protection of the public. But, meanwhile, he is not estopped from indirect practice, through the medium of reputable New York physicians.

According to the doctor it will require six weeks to instruct even skilled physicians in the application of his remedy. Meanwhile, he hopes the state laws will not be so rigorously enforced that he will be unable to do work himself. This is a little disturbing as indicating a desire to have the bars let down before he has proved himself, but it may be that his wish is based on the highest humanitarian principles. We should like to see a disposition evinced to give his culture to mankind through the United States government. Perhaps, this may be accomplished when sufficient cures have attested its merits, congress appropriating a sum large enough to reward the discoverer adequately.

VIEWING OUR PET DOCTRINE ASKANCE

FROM South America come various intimations of nervousness resulting from the reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine in the United States senate through Senator's Lodge resolution following the Magdalena Bay affair. This resolution, in effect, stated that the United States government could not allow the acquisition of harbors or similar territory by corporations which would practically place them in control of powers not American. In other words, it takes cognizance of private enterprise as a possible agent of a foreign government, not an unreasonable view when international law is concerned. The right of a government to protect the commercial interests of its subjects, by force of arms if necessary, has been well established. Great Britain in the Transvaal, the United States in Venezuela, are two precedents to remember. The acquisition of points of strategic importance by corporations owned outside of the Americas, therefore, would be a constant menace.

So far as can be learned there has been little protest again this action in Europe, it being regarded as a logical outcome of the Monroe Doctrine, upon which it is founded, and it is all the more surprising, therefore, to find this nervous attitude emanat-

ing from Peru's leading journal, the Valparaiso Dia:

What, then, will become of the autonomy, the individuality of the Spanish American countries? If international law treats of that sacred thing, the personality of the different states which constitute the civilized world, of the perfect right that they possess to manage their domestic business without first asking leave of some other power, why does the United States claim any rights in this matter and arrogate the power of exercising tutelage over those countries whose inhabitants speak the Castilian tongue in the continent of America? Now we know that no one has asked for Yankee protection, that doubtful protection which is so fatal in its effects, the results of which we are able to measure by what has happened in Cuba, in San Domingo, in Haiti, and in several of the republics of Central America, where the heavy heel of the conqueror from the North has fallen with implacable force on every single project of civic activity.

Moreover, Argentine, Brazil, and Colombia have organized what is known as the A. B. C. to procure a union of the republics in view of their common district of what they style "the Republic of the Dollar." Sporadic, and lacking anything that would smack of official sanction as these movements do, they scarcely merit serious consideration. So conscious is this country of its sincerity and unselfishness in its policy toward other republics of the two continents, so free from territorial ambition or political chicanery, that it can afford to allow the records to speak for themselves, and the future to reply to the unduly suspicious neighbors to the south. The picture of the grinding down of the little nations, as drawn by the Peruvian barker, is highly amusing, and when the people of this country recall the great expenditures that the safeguarding of the little brothers has cost, to say nothing of the amount of attention demanded by their problems, they will, doubtless, feel that this is rather a blatant display of ingratitude.

It may be that this spirit of suspicion is not general in the South American republics. The symptoms have appeared rather spontaneously and concurrently, it is true, but, who, knowing the devious ways in which political currents in the Latin American countries move, can hope more than to guess in what hidden spring these troubled waters have their source? They may be the result of hysteria, they may be the outcome of local conditions, but this much is certain—they have no basis in truth.

GRAPHITES

Mrs. Scott, wife of the ill-fated explorer, will have the privilege of being known as Lady Scott, but at what a cost!

Oregon has passed a bill prohibiting "quack" doctor advertising in newspapers. And in a webfooted state, too!

Impresario Hammerstein may have fancied that he has known troubles in the past, but he will soon realize his mistake now that he has taken a former chorus girl to wife. Oscar is 66.

It is naively stated that Nat Goodwin is to build a playhouse in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco, alternating on their stages with "another actor of established reputation." In the domestic line?

Until Huerta and his gang of cut-throats can prove beyond peradventure that Madero was not murdered by their direction, the United States should withhold official recognition of the provisional government now under grave suspicion.

President Kate Weller Barrett of the National Crittenden Home of Washington, now in Los Angeles, would add one more to the fool laws sought to be enacted by the legislature. She wants to make it a statutory offense for male dancers to hold their partners within a two-foot limit. Of course, the law will provide for inspectors carrying 24-inch measures to tag after all dancers and so guard against any violation.

In principle, or lack of it, the tactics of the Bell Telephone Trust in Cornwallis, Oregon, in giving free service to kill the independent concern are precisely on a par with the methods of the National Cash Register Company which maintained a competitive department whose sole duties were, not to sell goods, but to prevent the sale of goods by competitors. For this violation of the Anti-Trust law, the president of the company and twenty-eight officers or employes are now serving jail sentences.

John Galsworthy, Realist, Also a Dreamer—By Randolph Bartlett

(THIRTY-FIFTH OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMA)

JOHN GALSWORTHY's greatness is founded, primarily, upon the fact that he knows life intimately. To him, in a greater degree than to any other dramatist of his day, there appear to have come self-interpreting revelations of the warring elements of existence, and with this guide to the understanding of the human heart, he cannot be confined to any small circle. George Bernard Shaw can be nothing more than the satirist of art and society, because art and society are all he knows. Henrik Ibsen has been dubbed the discoverer of the bourgeois. August Strindberg is known as the spiritual iconoclast, Brieux as the social pathologist, Maeterlinck as the great mystic, and so on. No such comprehensive generalization expresses Galsworthy's position in relation to the modern drama. From the woes of the poor he evolved "The Silver Box," from the problem of love's freedom came "Joy," from industrial warfare he produced "Strife," the tragedy of the nomad inspired "The Pigeon," the chains of caste are pictured in "The Eldest Son," the ironies of the law courts in "Justice." Through them all he evinces the same keen understanding of his men and women, not as the student understands, not in the academic manner of Brieux, not with the aloofness of Shaw, but from within himself, sympathetic and certain.

Now, he has given a hint of his secret in a slender volume, "The Little Dream," in which he veritably synthesizes life and love, aspiration and despair, hope and disappointment, joy and sorrow. And it is because he could write such a play as "The Little Dream" that Galsworthy could produce both "Strife," in which he shows his knowledge of men who strive always, and "The Pigeon" in which, for the first time, has the case been clearly presented of the men who not merely do not strive, but who have no desire to do so, simply asking room to drift. He has seen that the vagabond who recognizes no law save that of his own necessity, lives no less intensely in conformance with certain ideals, passive or expressed, than the leader of men who sacrifices everything to a Cause.

From such a man, no new display of originality come as a surprise, and yet there are qualities in "The Little Dream" which not only does one not expect of Galsworthy, at least in such form, but which are considered foreign to the modern English school of dramatists altogether. Realism, or, failing that, through the public demand for romance, literalism, is their almost invariable characteristic. Whether in the Shavian satires, or the purely theatrical architecture of Pinero and Jones, the English dramatists fight shy of the subtle and hidden meanings, the shades and nuances of symbol and allegory. Not for them the elaborately involved soul-dramas such as those of Hauptman or Yeats. The thing which they have to say must be said plainly, in good old roast beef English, for their public, it is generally believed, so demands. Moreover, the greater the distance from the equator, the less is man inclined to dream, and the more to employ direct and specific language.

So, to "The Little Dream." It is a play only for a "little theater," or for the library. Its exquisite lyrical quality is far removed from anything that Galsworthy has done, excepting perhaps occasional hints of "The Pigeon." To attempt to interpret it would be to seek to define the indefinable, and I will endeavor merely to suggest its theme.

In the Alps there lives a girl of eighteen at a sort of stopping place for mountain climbers. One senses her wholesomeness, clear eyes and heart, pure mind and body. Her name is Seelchen (little soul). She is not unhappy, not discontented, but like all dwellers in the great hills, she dreams. Twice in her life she has been to a little town not far away, and that is the full extent of her knowledge of the world, excepting that she has "read several books." In the vicinity are three peaks, The Cow Horn, The Wine Horn and The Great Horn. The first two are quite accessible, but the latter never has been scaled.

To the inn comes Lamond, an Englishman, who announces that he proposes to climb The Great Horn, starting the next morning at daybreak, and he asks for a guide. There is none but Felsman, a man of wide repute in his profession. To his comment that The Great Horn cannot be climbed, the Englishman replies with the taunt, "You say that? And you're the famous Felsman?" "We start at dawn," Felsman answers grimly. In the course of the evening, Seelchen is kissed by both men, nor does she resent it. To her, Felsman typifies all the world she knows, Lamond the towns and countries beyond the Alps. The men retire to their rest and Seelchen, snuggled in a window seat, muses sleepily, "They kissed me both," and dreams her little dream.

As Seelchen sleeps the scene is transformed. The three mountains appear in the background, and each

is seen to have a great face. Each has his meaning for the maiden, and each speaks his message, to the accompaniment of the sounds of the Alps and the echoes of the world beyond. And thus does the dreaming Seelchen hear their voices:

THE COW HORN. Amongst kine and my black-brown sheep I live; I am silence, and monotony; I am the solemn hills. I am fierceness, and the mountain wind; clean pasture, and wild rest. Look in my eyes, love me alone!

SEELCHEN. (Breathless) The Cow Horn! He is speaking—for Felsman and the mountains. It is the half of my heart! (The flowers laugh happily).

THE COW HORN. I stalk the eternal hills—I drink the mountain snows. My eyes are the color of burned wine; in them lives melancholy. The lowing of the kine, the wind, the sound of falling rocks, the running of the torrents; no other talk know I. Thoughts simple, and blood hot, strength huge—the cloak of gravity.

SEELCHEN. Yes, yes! I want him. He is strong.

THE WINE HORN. I am the will o' the wisp that dances through the streets; I am the cooing dove of towns, from the plane trees and the chestnuts' shade. From day to day all changes, where I burn my incense to my thousand little gods. In white palaces I dwell, and passionate dark alleys. The life of men in crowds is mine—of lamplight in the streets at dawn. (softly) I have a thousand loves, and never one too long; for I am nimbler than your heifers playing in the sunshine. (The flowers, ringing in alarm, cry: "We know them!")

THE WINE HORN. I hear the rustlings of the birth and death of pleasure; and the rattling of swift wheels. I hear the hungry oaths of men; and love kisses in the airless night. Without me, little soul, you starve and die.

SEELCHEN. He is speaking for the gentle sir, and the big world of the town. It pulls my heart.

THE WINE HORN. My thoughts surpass in number the flowers in your meadows; they fly more swiftly than your eagles on the wind. I drink the wine of aspiration, and the drug of disillusion. Thus am I never dull! (The voices of View of Italy, Flume of Steam, and Things in Books are heard calling out together: "I am Italy, Italy." "See me—steam in the distance!" "O remember, remember!")

THE WINE HORN. Love me, little soul! I paint life fifty colors. I am a thousand pretty things! I twine about your heart!

THE GREAT HORN. And both thou shalt love, little soul! Thou shalt lie on the hills with Silence; and dance in the cities with Knowledge. Both shall possess thee. The sun and the moon on the mountains shall burn thee; the lamps of the town singe thy wings, small moth! Each shall seem all the world to thee, each shall seem as thy grave! Thy heart is a feather blown from one mouth to the other. But be not afraid! For the life of a man is for all loves in turn. 'Tis a little raft moored, the sailing out into the blue; a tune caught in a hush, then whispering on; a newborn babe, half courage and half sleep. There is a hidden rhythm. Change, Quietude. Chance, Certainty. The One, the Many. Burn on—thou pretty flame, trying to eat the world! Thou shalt come to me at last, my little soul.

Two highly contrasted scenes follow. Seelchen dreams she has responded to the call of The Wine Horn, and has gone to the town where she meets Lamond. She is not satisfied. The next scene shows her under the influence of The Cow Horn with Felsman. Still she is not satisfied. Then follows the fifth scene, thus:

Then a faint glow stealing up, lights the snowy head of The Great Horn, and streams forth on Seelchen. To either side of that path of light, like shadows, The Cow Horn and The Wine Horn stand with cloaked heads.

SEELCHEN: Great One! I come!

The Beak of The Horn speaks in a far-away voice, growing, with the light, clearer and stronger.

Wandering flame, thou restless fever
Burning all things, regretting none;
The winds of fate are stilled forever—
Thy little generous life is done,
And all its wistful wanderings cease!
Thou traveler to the tideless sea,
Where light and dark, and change and peace,
Are One—Come, little soul, to MYSTERY.

Passing out to their proposed conquest of The Great Horn, Felsman and Lamond stop and gaze on the sleeping figure, and depart. The girl awakens, and in an ecstasy of understanding, exclaims, "My little dream!" and the curtain falls.

It is a more familiar Galsworthy who is seen in "The Eldest Son." The theme is as ancient as class distinctions—the problem of the results of the indulgence of passion by two persons who occupy positions at opposite extremes of the social scale. But what a difference in conclusion! How the dear old

romanticists must be turning in their graves at the revolutionary idea propounded by Galsworthy. It has been one of the axioms of the conventional moralists, from whom the romanticists derive their formulae, that in the event of a man and a woman indulging in illicit relations, providing there are no other encumbrances the man is called upon to marry the woman. This call is sounded in the names of the various dominant forces of conventionality—duty, decency, morals, social justice, economic right, the claim of the unborn, and so on. Comes now this daring man Galsworthy, and dares to suggest that in such circumstances the greater wrong may be the marriage, that matrimony cannot undo what has been done, and that to endeavor to pull the wool over the eyes of the world by going through a ceremony of marriage would be to court life-long unhappiness, in place of a few months of unhappiness which would be the only disagreeable result of not marrying.

It is not an unusual set of characters which Galsworthy has employed in this play, and it would seem that he has purposely made them as true to type as possible. Bill, eldest son of Sir William Cheshire, is the man, and Freda Studdenham, daughter of the head keeper, is the victim. There is the usual host of relations and near-relations who seem to be the perpetual concomitants of wealth and a country estate in England. They are interesting, but not essential. The entire drama lies between Bill, his parents, Freda and her father. Bill insists that he is going to marry the girl, and she appears willing to accept his sacrifice of family position, inheritance (for it means being disowned by his father) and all that life has meant to him, to save her reputation. Yet Freda is not allowed to appear selfish, scheming or anything of that sort, but simply a poor little country girl in trouble, and with no one but the man to turn toward for help.

The Cheshire family argues with Bill one at a time, and tries to make him change his mind and regard his proposed course as quixotic, but so long as the girl is willing to marry him, he refuses to budge from his stand. Yet the parental opposition to the match is punctured by a son-in-law of the baronet:

KEITH. H'm! Hard case! Man who reads family prayers, and lessons on Sunday, forbids son to—

CHRISTINE: Ronny!

KEITH: Great Scott! I'm not saying Bill ought to marry her. She's got to stand the racket. But your Dad will have a tough job to take up that position.

However, the combined wits of the family are of no avail, and the stubborn Bill, having made up his mind to marry Freda, is not to be persuaded to any different course by argument, nor bullied into it by threats. It is the girl's father who solves the difficulties of all. He realizes that Bill has lost his affection, if he ever had felt anything more than mere animal attraction, for Freda, and he demands of his daughter to know if she really wants the man for a husband. She has been all alone until this time, but now the moral support of her father, gruff and surly though he is, his pride suffering a blow as great as that of his master, helps her to recover herself sufficiently to appreciate all the circumstances and results, and she decides against the marriage. With angry pride her father turns to the other father, and says, "She'll not force herself where she's not welcome. She may ha' slipped her good name, but she'll keep her proper pride. I'll have no charity marriages in my family."

In a note the author says the play was written in 1909, but "accidents happy and unhappy have prevented its performance earlier than November 1912." Is this the dear old censor again? One rather longs for a peep at the original manuscript, for Galsworthy's dialogue is double-edged, and his thrusts at hypocrisies of the established order of things are more potent even than those of Shaw, because they carry added force of manifest sincerity of purpose. I suspect that the three years' delay may represent a demand for revision to which the conscientious Galsworthy hesitated to consent. This, however, is mere speculation. As it stands, the piece still makes a strong case against certain fallacies of the sexual relations. In effect, it says: Granting that the original action was wrong, will it be made right by sacrificing the happiness of the two lives directly concerned, as well as others of close affiliation, through a marriage which is predestined to be unhappy? Granting that the woman, as the greater sufferer, has the right to make the decision, were not Freda's prospects for eventual happiness better through accepting the temporary disgrace than the permanent enslavement?

("The Little Dream," "The Eldest Son." By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Dr. Henry Van Dyke: A Master of Good English

[Toast responded to by Samuel Travers Clover at the complimentary dinner in honor of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, given by the Tuna Club, February 19, at the Maryland Hotel, Pasadena.]

OCCASIONALLY, my severest critic carps at my insistence on the niceties of the English language; she is wont to declare that I am in danger of extolling the form to the neglect of the substance. I will only admit that the substance may be never so good, but if clumsily presented the critical habit will obtrude, to the lowering of the estimate of the writer in the aggregate. How can one have undivided regard for the author who insists on coupling his days, his hours—anything and everything that of necessity must run singly? Or prostrate one's self at the feet of him who persists in splitting his infinitives and leaving a preposition tottering on the rounded edge of a period. A slovenly sentence uttered by one who assumes to be a teacher is analogous to a crime. It is no mere misdemeanor. Think of its possibility for evil! The student groping for the truth accepts it as gospel and by it is led into committing similar gaucheries. In time, our beautiful and expressive mode of communication would be sadly corrupted if the slovens gained the ascendancy.

But, Mr. Chairman, this danger is not imminent so long as we have such masters of rippling English setting us "copy," as exemplified by our distinguished guest, whose mellow prose and equally mellifluous poetry lose no whit of their intrinsic merit because of faulty settings. I have long admired the simplicity of expression, the clarity, the luminosity, combined with a knowledge of human nature that gives Dr. Van Dyke at all times a right to be heard. Moreover, there is a charm to be felt in his writings that is indefinable, and which for want of a better term we call style. This elusive quality is really the exudation of the author's personality and is to literature what the artistic taste lends to the perfectly gowned woman. It is the finishing touch!

Hamilton Mabie, I am happy to note, has paid deserved tribute to this ever present evidence of craftsmanship in the literary work of this master of good English. "Whatever he does," remarks the associate editor of Lyman Abbott's Outlook, "has the stamp of vigor of thought, clear-cut purpose and deliberate and thorough workmanship." "The facility he has acquired is the result of forgotten toil," observes this dramatic critic; "neither in his face nor in his work is there any suggestion of the careless ease which is an expression of temperament rather than of intellect. . . . In his style, as in his voice, there is a certain quality of vibration suggestive of surrender to the matter in hand, and complete enlistment of heart, mind, and will in dealing with it. To recall a striking phrase of Goethe's—whatever he does he does with his whole nature. Hence his success with those who think and with those who feel; with the small company of critical readers and with the great company who read that which stirs or charms or refreshes them."

We all ought to be obliged to Mr. Mabie for this exposition of the doctor's ripened skill. With that V which he acquired from his Dutch forbears he has other V's, notably vitality, versatility and vividness, and these qualities are never absent from his writings. Besides, he has an exquisite sense of humor which, indeed, is a characteristic. I am not surprised to learn that Dr. Van Dyke's English courses at Princeton rank with the most popular classroom work at old Nasseau. I can imagine the side scintillations that emanate from the distinguished lecturer at delightfully unexpected moments, serving to illuminate the theme in his own inimitable manner. No wonder the juniors in English look forward to the time when, as seniors, they may be privileged to take his stimulating course.

Two years ago there came to my review table a copy of Dr. Van Dyke's "Spirit of America," containing seven of a series of twenty-six conferences, given in the winter of 1908-09, on the Hyde Foundation, at the Sorbonne, in Paris. They were intended, and in no particular disappointed, to be a review of the things that seem vital, significant and creative in the life and character of the American people. Delivered in English they were afterward translated into French and published under the title of "Le Génie de l'Amerique." I remember how I metaphorically pounced upon the book and bore it away from the sanctum for quiet reading at home. In the modest introduction Dr. Van Dyke tells us that preceding him at the Sorbonne had been Messrs. Barrett Wendell, Santayana, Coolidge, and Baker. Still later, we all recall, Mr. Roosevelt was the lecturer. "Do you ask for my credentials as an ambassador?" he inquires, and answers: "Let me omit such formalities as aca-

demic degrees, professorships, and doctorates, and present my claims in more simple and humble form. A family residence of two hundred and fifty years in America, whither my ancestors came from Holland in 1652; a working life of thirty years which has taken me among all sorts and conditions of men, in almost all the states of the Union from Maine to California; a personal acquaintance with all the Presidents except one since Lincoln; a friendship with many woodsmen, hunters, and fishermen in the forest where I spend the summers; an entire independence of any kind of political, ecclesiastical or academic partisanship; and, he naively adds, "Some familiarity with American literature, its origins, and its historical relations." I think we all will agree these are claims enough to invite attention to the lectures on the Spirit of America.

Perhaps, it is only natural that of the seven addresses contained in the volume I took home to review that one on "Self-Expression and Literature"—the last in the book—should have given the greatest pleasure. I could detect, I thought, the completer abandonment of the writer to his theme, as if he too were at home with his favorite child. As this is not a critique, but a reply to a toast, it were manifestly



DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

out of place to dwell upon his treatment of the subject he discussed so understandingly. I shall merely say that never before had I gained so clear an insight into the development of American literature; how and why its real spirit found expression and what the full, complete life of America still lacks in literary reflection. In masterly manner and in virile, exquisite English the delineator of the Spirit of America has sketched the instinct of self-reliance, the love of fair play, the energetic will, the desire of order, the ambition of self-development, not forgetting those temperamental traits which, as have been noted, are most distinctive in literature, giving it color and flavor. These traits, which touch it with personality and are most clearly revealed, include a strong religious feeling, a sincere love of nature, a vivid sense of humor and a deep sense of humanity. I know now why Dr. Van Dyke's writings appeal to so many people: they possess in a marked degree these salient qualities that make for distinction.

We have short story-writers by the hundreds in this country, but how few whose product one cares to read the second time? Did you ever read "The Other Wise Man"? Of course, in this hearing most of us have. A friend of mine who has the largest exclusive book store this side of Chicago told me that he recognized its lovable and livable qualities in its

initial season and has been ordering it and selling it in liberal quantities every recurring Christmastide for upward of fifteen years. Get that delightful little collection called "The Blue Flower" in which "The Other Wise Man" appears and trace the author's thought—the idea of the search for inward happiness, which we are all seeking. Why the Blue Flower? It is a symbol borrowed from an old German poet, who used it to symbolize poetry, the object of his young hero's quest. Dr. Van Dyke would have it signify happiness, the satisfaction of the heart. I wonder, by the way, if the doctor has ever read Eugene Field's "First Christmas Tree," in no way like his own save in spirit.

I seem to get nearer to that flow of humanity which characterizes Robert Louis Stevenson's outpourings, in Dr. Van Dyke's human and companionable writings, than in those of any other American author I can name. The same delightful sense of rhythm in his English, the nice appreciation of the value of words, the same lucidity and directness of appeal, having the same fine quality of gentle humor and a near kinship in his poetic fancies. Particularly do I trace this charm of relationship in our distinguished guest's delightful essays in profitable idleness, gathered in the volume called "Little Rivers." Read "An Angler's Wish in Town" with that hauntingly plaintive line—

I'm only wishing to go a-fishing'

and say if it might not have had the initials R. L. S. appended!

"Fisherman's Luck," of course, all members of the Tuna Club know. It has a charm all its own, since it is given over to the author's chosen pursuit of angling in which he expatiates on the uncertainty of the gentle art and its manifold attractions. The zest of an Izaak Walton permeates every page and he revels in the attendant circumstances that are a part of the fisherman's everyday experiences. Around a camp fire or the inglenook in a country clubhouse, after a day's sport, the flavor it imparts sends one off to his bed of boughs or spring cot with a delicious feeling of contentment. It has so many sides to it—so many good stories are retailed, so much spirit is there, good humor, pugnacity, pathos and kindly philosophy.

But, here I am, still losing my heart over the English of the doctor's prose and only one line given to his equally fetching poetry. Whether he is writing a rollicking college song, apostrophizing the America he loves so well, or trudging along the highroad under the stars, there is a lilt in his lines, an uplift in his thought that causes one to yearn to the author. How he loves the birds and what a fondness he evinces for their merry, piping notes! What a busy life his has been! I find myself marvelling repeatedly not so much at his productiveness, but at the high standard he has maintained throughout. His poetry is singable; the mechanics of it do not obtrude. Whether it is a lyric, a sonnet or an ode the absence of the commonplace is noticeable and the delicacy of imagery apparent. No mere versifier could have given us his apostrophe to "Music," one of the loftiest and most pretentious of his more sustained flights of poesy. Again and again the finish, the polish of his art allures while ever present is the noble spirit, the high purpose, the human quality. May I close this all too inadequate appreciation of "A Master of Good English" by reading you his home coming tribute, the hail of the returning traveler from foreign ports entitled "America for Me."

'Tis fine to see the old world, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;

But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble
for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature
has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something
seems to lack;
The Past is too much with her, and the people look-
ing back.
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future
free,—
We love our land for what she is and what she is
to be.

Oh, it's nome again, and home again, America for
me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the
rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the
ocean bars.
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is
full of stars.

Cardinals Coming South

Stanford University alumni and ex-students living
in Los Angeles are planning a royal reception for the
Cardinal track team, which is coming south to meet
the cinderpatheers of the University of Southern Cali-
fornia at Bovard field two weeks from today. The
number of Los Angelans owing allegiance to Stan-
ford is legion and whenever a team from the old
alma mater is sent south to compete with a local body
the visiting athletes are duly honored. Stanford is
said to have a strong representation and should take
the home lads into camp by an overwhelmingly large
score, if current gossip in amateur athletic circles
is worth shucks.

Many Mayoralty Barkises

This reminder of the mayoralty campaign recalls
a bit of gossip to the effect that Chief of Police
Sebastian is likely to shy his hat into the ring. I am
wondering if he will be accorded the Good Govern-
ment support after the Choate-Anderson affair? Without
it he could not hope to make much head-
way. Webster Davis, late of Missouri, is said to be
another seriously considering the advisability of seek-
ing the honors. Davis is an orator of the old fash-
ioned, flamboyant type who should be able to do effec-
tive campaigning in his own behalf if the people have
not outgrown the spreadeagleism of several decades
ago.

Killing Two Birds

John S. Mitchell, mine host of the Hollenbeck, is
on his way to Washington to attend the good roads
convention to be held there from Monday to Satur-
day of next week. It is being held at the national
capital in order that federal aid may be sought at
the same time. Of course, Mr. Mitchell will see that
President-Elect Wilson is properly inducted into
office next week.

Martin Starts His Campaign

Councilman Martin Betkouski this week made a
bid for popular acclaim to aid him in his campaign
for mayor this fall when he voiced a strenuous pro-
test against the new dance hall ordinance, recently
passed by the council, and declared that it should be
repealed. The clause meeting Martin's disapproval was
that requiring a payment of \$20 for a benefit dance.
He stated his belief that it would entail a great hard-
ship on the working people, as in many instances the
gate receipts would not exceed the fee demanded by
the municipality.

Must Prove His Right

W. J. Danford, disbarred attorney, and quondam
inmate of San Quentin prison, will have to show
cause before Judge Dooling of the superior court
Monday why the order of former presiding Judge
Hutton's reinstating him to the bar should not be
rescinded. H. J. Stevens, who assisted in the prose-
cution of Danford, will represent the Bar Associa-
tion. The general opinion is that Judge Hutton ex-
ceeded his province in reinstating Danford and that
his order is null and void.

Rondeau

(In Memory of Joaquin Miller)

Sail on and on forever more
As thy great Admiral did of yore,
O, dauntless poet! Thou and he
Dreaming immortality,
Found it on a western shore.

Prophets both, whose inner lore
Was garnered from the dreamer's store,
Whose souls were crying constantly,
Sail on and on!

O, singer of the sunset shore,
Well will we treasure all thy store
Of golden, sun-kissed melody
So long as doth an argosy
From this, the world's most western door,
Sail on and on!

—RALPH BACON.



Willard Wright's Philippic

This week I have been favored—doubtless with
many others—with a postal card from Willard
Huntington Wright, advising me of his brilliant arti-
cle in the Smart Set for March. This is in the nature
of expert opinion and accepting it as such I have not
failed to read his amusing arraignment of "Los An-
geles—the Chemically Pure." "Do you find Los An-
geles virtuous?" reads the query heading the postal
card. The article, by the way, is "strictly for adults,"
according to the author's admonition. Mr. Wright,
who is now installed as an associate editor of Smart
Set, is responsible for the smart book reviews in the
Sunday Times. He is a colorful writer, with a predi-
lection for employing clinical language in treating of
his favorite topic, the psychopathic sexual relations;
fond of asserting the masculine superiority and of
dismissing with lofty scorn the pretensions to mental
fellowship with the male biped of the newly-enfranch-
ised women of California and other equal suffrage
states. Mr. Wright is young, hence not altogether
hopeless; he has a vastly entertaining point of view
even if one really dissents from his premises, and he
is fearfully and purposefully frank in dwelling upon
those things that are usually reserved for the boudoir
or the pipe room at the club. I have no quarrel with
Mr. Wright; we disagree often, I find, in our points
of view, but in his Chemically Pure Los Angeles
monograph he has bared many of our Middle West
acquisitions in his customary shameless way. It is
as if he had taken Los Angeles into the artist's studio
to pose for the altogether and once on the platform
had deliberately denuded her of the drapings sup-
plied by the painter for whom she was posing. It is
a heartless exposure. I recognize it as reasonably
truthful, having studied the model at close range
myself, but a disinclination to particularize the moles,
the pimples, the wrinkles and the blemishes which
the poseur has been unable to hide has conduced to
silence regarding them. Mr. Wright is in New York
and distance begets hardihood. He has given us a
photographic display, which partakes of the camera's
trick when not properly focused. The composition is
awry; the values are wrong, the figure out of pro-
portion.

Not Altogether Hopeless

Because Los Angeles is inclined to Puritanism is
not altogether a crime. The crudities of a dramatic
censor are absurdly provincial, I will allow, and are
provocative of jeers, but Los Angeles will survive and
outlive that phase of her existence, despite the Mid-
dle West ascendancy. The next generation will take
care of that. I fail to condole with the poor traveling
man so bewailed of Mr. Wright who is unable to
indulge his buccaneering love-making in privacy and
who finds no accommodating landlords ready to re-
ceive him and his queans with unasked questions.
Nor do I weep over the banishment of the roulette
table, the race course, the houses of joy, the free-
and-easy restaurants with their discreet waiters and
private dining rooms. It is true that hypocrisy has
stalked much of his gamy sport, but a healthier tone
succeeds and while we may condemn the medium we
applaud the result. I fear it is true that our streets
are guiltless of noisy revelers of both sexes between
1 and 5 a. m., but even that does not stamp the city
as deadly dull. Nocturnal sybarites are a howling
nuisance usually and about as romantic as a stale
cigar stub. Mr. Wright mourns for our lost Roman-
ticism. Los Angeles is an overgrown village in many
particulars as our critic avers, but in this hobbledehoy
stage are seen the gaucheries of municipal adolescence,
ineptness to be outgrown in good season. Our news-
papers, in spots, repeat the platitudes of the Middle
West and come in for warm praise in consequence;
they, too, are reflective of the intellectual limitations
of their conductors and will in process of time give
way to broader and better and bigger policies. Others
are blatantly vulgar, shriekingly, impudently self-
assertive or crudely narrow in class catering. Mr.
Wright might have given us a valuable dissertation
on this evidence of our provincialism, but he neglect-
ed his opportunity.

Our Mountebank Minority

In one direction, at least, he has not overshot his

mark and I cannot refrain from quoting his truthful
description of our coterie of "faddists and mounte-
banks—spiritualists, mediums, astrologists, phrenolo-
gists, palmists, and 11 other breeds of esoteric wind-
jammers." Continues Mr. Wright:

The city is cursed with an incredible number of
these cabalistic scaramouches. Whole buildings
are devoted to occult and outlandish orders—maz-
daznan clubs, yogi sects, homes of truth, cults of
cosmic fluidists, astral planers, Emmanuel movers,
Rosicrucians and other boozy transcendentalists.
These empirics do a thriving and luxurious busi-
ness. They fill the papers with mystic balderdash.
They parade the streets in plush kimonos. They
hold "classes" and "circles," and wax fat on the
donations of the inflammatory. No other city in
the United States possesses so large a number of
metaphysical charlatans in proportion to its popu-
lation. The doctrines of these buddhas appeal to
the adolescent intelligence. By the recital of plati-
tudes couched in interstellar terminology, they
dangle the tinsel star of erudition before the eyes
of the semi-educated. Their symbolical teachings
represent a short cut to knowledge, a means of
attaining infinite wisdom without the necessity of
hard study. These doctrines are ingeniously salted
with altruistic formulas, thereby offering a sooth-
ing substitute for Methodist theology. The Los
Angeles mind has been enchanted by this East
Indian wind music, and exudes large globules of
psychic perspiration in its undaunted and heroic
assault upon culture.

Willard Waxes Sarcastic

Equally felicitous is his sarcastic comment on the
"vast army of neuropaths, chiropractics, hydropaths,
electrotherapists, mental healers, osteopaths and other
romantic scientists. The scoundrelly allopaths—those
plotters against human happiness and health—have
uphill work in the community. When they attempt-
ed to institute a tuberculin test for cattle they were
defeated nearly two to one by the 'medical freedom-
ists.' When the city board of health attempted to
put down a recent epidemic of anterior poliomyelitis,
again the loud cackling of the psychotherapists and
their allied lodges thwarted simple quarantine meas-
ures. Vaccination in Los Angeles is looked upon as
a murderous graft. And any allopathic attempt at
germicide is regarded as a form of fanatical hys-
teria. The village mind, suspicious of genuine in-
telligence, is immured in that brummagem sophisti-
cation which makes it wary of serums and toxins
merely because the pathogenic *spirilla* are invisible to
the naked eye."

His Sop to Mammon

Realizing toward the close of his brilliant diatribe
—and it is scintillant even if distorted—that he has
pictured a not too prepossessing Los Angeles, Mr.
Wright begins to take in mental sail and hauls closer
to the wind. We have a saving and intelligent minor-
ity that may in time permeate the municipal atmo-
sphere and irradiate an uplifting influence—"neces-
sarily subterranean" it is admitted, "but in this in-
telligent minority lies the hope of the city's cosmo-
politan growth." Having said this, Mr. Wright yields
to the influence of his publisher and indulges in a
mild panegyric on the Los Angeles of the future.
This is the sop to mammon. That portion of the
article is less interesting, but it is all mightily enter-
taining and, even if out of focus, an exhibit likely
to promote mixed emotions in those who may chance
to take the writer too seriously.

Bryan Had Right Hunch

George W. Perkins is a capital story teller, unas-
suming, like all really big men, and with warm
affiliations for the newspaper men, with whom he is
closely associated through his part ownership of the
New York Mail. This week we happened to be dis-
cussing the sidelights of the Chicago political con-
ventions, when Bryan's name was mentioned and his
capabilities as a newspaper correspondent were re-
viewed. Mr. Perkins with a smile at the recollection
told of the time when it was rumored that a deal had
been made—wholly erroneous—whereby Mr. Roose-
velt had eliminated himself from the contest. Mr.
Bryan visited Roosevelt headquarters and drawing
Perkins to one side asked to be given the straight of
it. "You know I will use it right," he pleaded, "give
me the facts." Mr. Perkins laughingly assured him
there was nothing doing, "but there may be," he
added, "if you will consent." Over Mr. Bryan's face
spread a broad grin. "O, no, no," he retorted, "it
cannot be, Colonel Roosevelt will never consent to
take second place."

Leo Receives High Honors

Three salaams to Leo V. Youngworth, United
States marshal for Southern California, who is now
potentate of Al Malaikah Temple, Nobles of the
Mystic Shrine, having succeeded the energetic Mot-
ley H. Flint, who had been re-elected several times
to the office. With a new branch of the Los Angeles
Trust opened in the old rooms of the First National,
I imagine Motley will find his time pretty well occu-
pied. "Bob" Wankowski is chief rabban, whatever

that is, and F. B. Silverwood is his assistant. William Rhodes Hervey, who left the bench to become a trust officer, is high priest and prophet, and Paul Peipers is the new oriental guide. W. C. Durgin, of the Park Bank, is treasurer, and D. E. Barclay recorder. They were all inducted into office Wednesday night at a right merry gathering. At the same time plans were discussed for the Shrine circus to be held at Shrine Auditorium March 10 to 15, and it gives promise of being an unusually brilliant affair, as the new officers intend it shall surpass all previous affairs of the kind, which is a big contract.

Journalistes as Well

Stanford has long been a melting pot for the turning out of Los Angeles journalists, as a glance at the staff of any one of our dailies will show, but this year it is evolving Southern California journalists. Miss Lois Baker, daughter of Fred L. Baker of the Baker Iron Works, was chosen to edit the woman's edition of the Daily Palo Alto issued this week, and I am told she and her coed staff performed the task most creditably. She has always taken an active part in college newspaper work, and has been a star student in the journalistic branch of the English department. I understand she is purposing becoming a real reporter as soon as she receives her sheepskin next May. But l'homme proposé et femme accepté indicates the tentativeness of feminine intentions.

May Have a City Councilwoman

Around the city hall this week there has been a murmur of excitement and curiosity as to who is to be the lucky woman to be appointed to the vacancy left in the council chamber by the death of Judge R. M. Lusk. It is a generally accepted report in underground circles that it is to be a woman, and the question now is, what woman? It is likely that the names being considered will not be made public before Tuesday and that no action will be taken until that time. The name of Mrs. D. C. McCan is being pretty freely discussed in newspaper circles. Mrs. Katherine Edson is another strong possibility although her state office is better paying and more to her fancy. Mrs. McCan is president of the Friday Morning Club, and for the last few weeks has been serving on the civil service commission.

Where "Angels" Will Tread

Three new magazines are to enter the field in Los Angeles within the next few weeks, and speculation is rife as to which will survive the longest, although each seems to have its own particular mission. The Fashion Mirror is a monthly to be started in the interest of the "ladies" tailoring establishments of the city. It is to contain advance fashion plates, interviews from Paris, and similar material supposed to be indispensable to milady. Frank Howard Tate, who is not unknown in the local newspaper field and in politics for the last seven years, is to be its backer and editor. Robert Lavers, who used to be a publicity dispenser, is to start a weekly, "The Photo-players," to cater to the local motion picture interests, studios, players and the like. The last of the trio is to be a monthly medical journal to be used by all other schools in their fight on the allopaths. It is to be a purely local affair and is to be financed by the Los Angeles "new schools."

Sad Ending of College Romance

Alumni of Pomona College living in Los Angeles are mourning the death of Mrs. Kate Conditt Brimhall, wife of Dr. Silas J. Brimhall who passed away Tuesday at her home in Highland Park after a long illness. This was the final chapter in a campus romance replete with human interest touches. Both were students of Pomona at the same time, and while there a friendship sprung up, which in "the wash" and around Indian Hill presently developed into the deeper bond and as soon as the young doctor had made his start he came back to Claremont to take his sweetheart from the routine of the class room, where, after graduation, she has been teaching French and German in the preparatory school. They were married in 1906 and made a happy home here in Los Angeles. Mrs. Brimhall was a talented musician as well as a linguist.

Where Will Cort Land

Just what theater John Cort, the theatrical magnate of the West, will occupy when it comes to installing his tabloid musical comedies is the proposition that is absorbing the attention of speculators in local dramatic circles. Rumors from the north are that early this month John is to organize a number of musical comedy shows of the kind outlined and send them over a western circuit. The only available houses here seem to be the Republic, formerly Belasco, and the Lyceum. The former is doing nicely for Bert Levy and Oliver Morosco as a three-a-day continuous performance proposition, while the Lyceum, it has been rumored, is to house Ferris Hartman on his return. The Grand has sunk past reclamation into

the nickelodean class, and while there is talk of the Adolphus being chosen, I doubt it has a chance. The report is that John has signed contracts with Boyle Woods, the Chicago producer, to sent tabloid musical comedies over the Cort circuit for fifteen consecutive weeks. The cities to be covered are Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Tacoma, Walla Walla, Spokane, Butte, Portland, and minor towns.

Tribute to Harley Hamilton

That was a graceful compliment as well as a substantial appreciation tendered Harley Hamilton by the Los Angeles Symphony Association Thursday morning, when he was presented with a canceled mortgage and a year's sojourn in Europe for himself and his family, Miss Victoria Witmer, president of the association, acting as spokesman with a well-chosen speech of appreciation. It is good to find that Harley Hamilton's efforts of the last sixteen years have not been unappreciated. He has devoted himself to the interests of the Symphony Orchestra for that time—has been one of the main factors in keeping it alive—and how strenuous were his efforts may be learned from the fact that Los Angeles is one of but four or five cities in the United States that have succeeded in maintaining such an organization. Not only has he given unstintingly of himself and his services, but he has sacrificed his own interests on numerous occasions—even placing a mortgage of several thousand dollars on his home in order to continue his work. When this was discovered by the Symphony Association a testimonial was at once suggested, and enthusiastic response was encountered in all quarters, proving that the discriminating are not unmindful of Mr. Hamilton's part in raising the musical standard of the city. It is largely to Harley Hamilton that the success of the Sunday concerts given by the Popular orchestra is due, for where could Director Lebegott have found an aggregation of men trained to excellent orchestral work, had it not been for their schooling under Mr. Hamilton's baton? Thursday was, indeed, a red letter day for Harley, for upon responding to an invitation from James Slauson for dinner at the Athletic Club he found gathered there many of his friends, whom Mr. Slauson had invited as a surprise. Artists, writers, musicians, professional men and business men were bidden, the guests including J. Bond Francisco, Thilo Becker, J. O. Koepfli, Hector Alliot, J. B. Poulin, Clifford Lott, Otheman Stevens, L. E. Behymer, Dr. A. L. Macleish, Gen. M. H. Sherman, Dr. Norman Bridge, Walter Raymond, W. G. Kerckhoff, Guy Barham, F. A. Walton, George J. Birkel, Harley Brundidge, and Arnold Krauss. Toasts were responded to by Messrs. Behymer, Koepfli, Walton and Francisco. It was a delightful occasion.

"Human Interest" Pictures

Our recent heavy rainfall brought to light interesting examples of photography on the part of the local press. In Monday's downpour city editors saw opportunities for good picture stories. Just now, the theory is that in every flash there must be a comely young woman if it is to have an appeal. It was raining hard and good looking picture subjects were scarce. Robert Stagg, the Herald's staff photographer, solved the problem by posing his wife and snapping her in the act of being carried across the swollen gutters, while the Examiner executives persuaded Louise Scher, the staff sob sister, to allow herself to be similarly "done." For the second day picture two chorus girls were induced to play they were wading across the streets minus shoes and stockings. This it is to display "human interest" pictures.

Marketing Film Fancies

Not a few of the local newspapermen are picking up carfare by writing motion picture scenarios and selling them to the producers for the various companies having their studios in or near Los Angeles. There are Norton and Jack Campbell of the Herald and court reporter Seagrove who claims to have had several accepted. Night City Editor Hughes of the Tribune has made his filmy plots prove lucrative and George North of the Tribune copy desk, I understand, is in training. But the most remarkable case recorded concerns an Examiner office boy who after writing one hundred and thirty-six plots had the next one accepted, along with a contract to write exclusively for a certain film company. Then there is Willie Wing, who after years of reportorial work has abandoned newspapers for the movies. I hope the boys all make their fortunes.

Emergency Benefit Performance

From the class of talent featured as attractions at the Firemen-Police benefit to be held at the Auditorium, March 13, it looks as if a sizeable sum might be raised to establish an emergency fund. Sarah Bernhardt with her company is to be the headline attraction, while scarcely less notable will be the act furnished by members of the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Nell Brinkley of Billy and Betty car-

toon fame will appear in a society offering de luxe, Nat Goodwin and the Morosco players are a combination attraction, the entire Merry Widow company will be there, and Fred Mace, Gus Pixley, Charlie Murray and Dave Hartford will form a notable quartette. Oliver Morosco's leading players will appear in a skit, "The Judgment of Buddha," an artistic act is promised by Jimmie Swinnerton, Oscar Bryn and Hal Stephens of the Hearst service. The boxes are being auctioned off by mail, as well as the parquet seats, no bids below \$100 being considered for the boxes, and \$5 each for the seats.

To Be Dined and Wined

Legislators of Southern California are to be complimented with a dinner at the University Club tonight by the newly formed council of education. Mark Keppel, county superintendent of schools, is at the head of the committee on arrangements. The toastmaster for the affair is to be Dr. Jeremiah M. Rhodes, superintendent of the Pasadena public schools and chairman of the Council of Education, California Teachers Association, southern section.

Picking a Winner

William G. Adams, secretary of the Los Angeles Advertising Club, and for several years advertising manager for one of the local department stores, picked a nice plum this week when he was appointed advertising and assistant sales manager for Willis Booth's "Hot Point" electric corporation at Ontario, which turns out electric irons and various cooking appliances. He will enter the national advertising field, as that company spends large sums each year marketing its product. Last season, I happen to know, its bill from the Saturday Evening Post alone ran into the thousands. Along with his new position comes a substantial advance in salary, which is never unacceptable.

Where the Nuts Come From

James Slauson, former president of the Chamber of Commerce, is to leave in a fortnight for Rio de Janeiro, the metropolis of Brazil, where he will be in attendance at the national exposition of South America to be held there in May. He goes as envoy extraordinary of the local Chamber of Commerce.

Seventeenth Year of Service

I notice that H. J. Vatcher, Jr., will continue to act as secretary, treasurer and general manager of the Cawston Ostrich Farm, having been reelected to the positions at the annual meeting of the stockholders and directors Wednesday of this week. He now begins his seventeenth year of service with the company, a record of which he may well feel proud. Other officers chosen include Jonathan S. Dodge, president of the First National Bank of South Pasadena, who was elected president; Rusk Harris, vice president and chief counsel; J. B. Coulston, president of the Crown City National Bank of Pasadena, and Maynard Gunsul, manager of the Funding Company of California, directors.

Heard In Railroad Circles

Los Angeles has been entertaining two distinguished railway visitors this week, and more are on the way, I am informed. E. O. McCormick, vice president of the Southern Pacific, with offices in San Francisco, arrived Wednesday, and railway men attach more than ordinary significance to his visit. It is rumored that because of the much discussed split in the north there is a possibility that the shops may be moved here from San Francisco, and with a remote chance that the general offices for the entire system may move south. H. U. Mudge, president of the Rock Island system, with offices at Chicago, arrived here Monday, about three weeks later than he had been expected, and his coming is said to be connected directly with the rushing through of the San Diego line to Yuma, Arizona.

Would Save Their Country

Political prophets are asserting that William M. Humphreys, well known for his connection with the Public Works board, will be appointed postmaster to succeed W. H. Harrison soon after Woodrow Wilson takes the oath of office. He is one of the leading Democrats of Southern California and having served as assistant postmaster less than a decade ago has intimate acquaintance with the duties. Another plum which is being sought is the position of collector of internal revenue at Port Los Angeles. Lloyd McAttee, a young real estate dealer of this city, is said to have excellent backing. He ran for county clerk two years ago and made a strong fight, and has many friends in this city.

That New Jersey husband who killed his young wife because she "pestered" him for a kiss should be treated to kicks henceforth, with the privilege of indulging in a few spasmodic ones himself at the final argument.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

Last week Friday I submitted to a re-Wagnerizing process from four to ten p. m.—with three hours for a dinner intermission—and I tell you these three hours were necessary. First came the Wagner concert of the Symphony orchestra. This offered one of the largest Wagner programs the orchestra has given and included arrangements from the whole Nibelungen Ring. These were presented in operatic chronological order and embraced the "Entrance of the Gods Into Walhalla," tone pictures from "Die Walkure," the Blacksmith's and "Forest Murmurings" songs from "Siegfried," Siegfried's Death scene and Funeral March, and Song of the Rhine Maidens. Under each selection were listed the leit motives therein to be found. This is a plan to be commended, especially if these motives are given in notation, which, unfortunately, they were not. Most if not all of these selections and arrangements have been heard in the regular symphony concerts from time to time, especially in the Wagner concerts. But I do not remember ever to have heard the Blacksmith's song from "Siegfried." It has more life and movement than a good deal of the Wagner arrangements and was played by the orchestra in excellent style. This was a pretty heavy program, but the audience, mostly of school teachers for whom it was given, stood up to it like men—or women, as the latter overshadowed the few males present.

After the dinner intermission, came a lecture on "Die Walkure" by Anna Shaw Faulkner, of Chicago, with Max Oberndorfer giving piano illustrations. Miss Faulkner had an opportunity to popularize Wagner to the extent of her small audience at least, an opportunity in which she started to make good, but which later she spoiled by reading very long extracts in a voice made inaudible by the tumult from the piano. In her introduction, I said to myself, "Here is a Wagner lecturer who is going to be not only instructive but interesting." For she began with a pleasing series of photographs taken in and near Bayreuth and her descriptions were given in a clear and penetrating tone, well enunciated. Finally, she arrived at the exposition of the opera. Enter the piano. Now Wagner music generally is nothing if not sonorous (to say the least), but against the large tone of Mr. Oberndorfer, the lecturer undertook to read excerpts from the Wagner text. She reached the limits of her voice, but not a sentence was discernable. When I left, the piano was still getting the best of it—and I sadly erased the red letter I had set down in my Wagner calendar earlier in the evening. While the fair speaker was talking about Wagner and her own experiences at Bayreuth, she was interesting; but when she came to read Wagner—alas and alack! I think no one, not even a real elocutionist, could make a reading of Wagner text interesting.

Inasmuch as the soloist at the last People's orchestral concert did not sing with orchestral accompaniment, this seems a good time to voice a protest in the matter of singing with orchestra. This season a dozen singers have been heard with two orchestras, the Symphony and the People's. How many of them possessed the volume of tone, the practical experience of singing with orchestra and the resultant confidence and certainty necessary for success in such public appearances? It must be

admitted that the element of self-confidence was not lacking in most cases, but the others were in the minority. It is one thing to sing with an accompaniment of piano, or even of organ—for the organist probably has had sufficient church experience not to drown his soloist in a sea of tone. But it is an entirely different thing to sing with orchestra.

The conductor of an orchestra presupposes the vocalist comes to his stage with sufficient voice and experience to warrant an orchestral appearance. He does not consider it his duty to temper the winds to the shorn lamb—neither the brass winds nor the woods. If you can make yourself heard over the orchestral tumult, well and good. If you cannot that is your affair. In the case of such singers as Gadsby, Martin, Gogorza, Heink—there's a quartet for you—the voice can easily dominate the orchestra. But in a majority of the dozen referred to, the singers were not exactly in the Gadsby-Gogorza class, or they would be singing in the Metropolitan and not in Los Angeles' popular concerts. In nearly every instance the voice has been buried by the orchestra. Where does the fault lie?

The present writer believes the gravamen of the offense lies, primarily, at the door of the singer. Vocalists put on their programs what they would like to sing; as encores, they generally offer what they can sing. There's a difference. The remedy, and one which would permit the soloist to appear with much better success, is to choose, not the biggest thing you ever studied, but songs well within your range of voice and mentality. The sensible singer recognizes his limitations and makes the most of his strong points. He does not center the limelight on his weak ones. Is it better to make a success of a song of moderate compass and of moderate floridity or achieve a fiasco in one of the arias which can be sung successfully with orchestra only by a grand opera star? Which? Why not offer the director a song with a string quintet accompaniment or choose one with organ? Is your idea to give the orchestra another number or to be heard yourself?

The other section of the remedy lies in the director's hands. True, Wagner did let loose a hundred players and fortissimo brass to accompany a singer. But are the orchestras here accompanying Wagner singers? If the singers persist in offering numbers that have, in the original, full orchestral accompaniments, the director, after five minutes of rehearsal, can tell what quantity of voice he is accompanying and should modify the tonal quantity of his band to suit the voice in hand. In many cases, it would be well to use an arrangement such as a double string quintet, with flute, horn and possibly a soft trombone. Then the singer would have a chance to be heard and would gain considerably in reputation over the one whose voice is orchestrated to extinction. But will the singers heed? O, no. They will sent east for the "full score" and then blame the conductor.

It must have been a dear friend of Violinist Elman's who wrote in a local paper recently, "Misch is seriously contemplating a purchase of real estate." Certainly, it could not have been the familiarity which breeds contempt, thus to abbreviate to "Misch." Soon we may expect to hear opera by "Wag." man-

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Wed. Mat.

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"LOVE TALES OF HOFFMAN" and the Ballet of Divertissement

Wed. Night, "Rigoletto"

March 5,

Sun. Mat.,

March 9,

Symphony Concert

WITH STAR SOLOISTS

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March 7,

Sat. Mat.,

March 8,

"Natoma"

Sat. Night, "Lucia"

March 8,

Mon. Eve.,

March 10,

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aged by "Dip" and sung by "Gard," "Ham," "Tett," "Salt" and "Hub." Saves time and space, anyway.

Editor Metzger, of the Musical Review, says, "What's the matter with the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra and the musical fellowship of our Southern sister metropolis? Why did not Mr. Edson see Mr. Hamilton (to borrow music for the People's Orchestra concerts) instead of Mr. Hadley (director of the San Francisco orchestra)?" In reply, I understand the management of the People's Orchestra feels that it already has imposed on the good nature of Mr. Hamilton and the Symphony Orchestra to an extreme point. It is owing to Mr. Hamilton's never-failing courtesy and generosity that much of the music used in the Sunday concerts was available. More of the success of these concerts lies at Mr. Hamilton's door than the public appreciates.

Roland Paul is home from his European trip and will take his temporarily deserted place in Los Angeles musical affairs. Mr. Paul is too popular and capable to let go for long.

Olga Steeb Keifer is back in Los Angeles with a portfolio of complimentary notices from her northwest concert tours. She will be heard in recital at the Auditorium, March 28.

At the People's Orchestra concert tomorrow, Ralph Ginsburg is soloist, playing a Bruch concerto. The orchestral numbers are the Beethoven "Prometheus" overture, Gillet's "The Mill," Verdi's "Power of Destiny" overture and one section of a suite by Fannie Dillon. The concert for March 9 will be held at the Auditorium, as usual, the Chicago Opera Company concert being transferred to the Shrine Auditorium.

There is one delightful anecdote, in E. V. Lucas's sketch of Phil May in the National Biography. His "Punch" editor, Sir Francis Burnand, tells a story to the effect that on being asked at a club for a loan of fifty pounds, May produced all he had—half that amount—and then abstained from the club for some time for fear of meeting the borrower, because he felt that "he still owed him twenty-five pounds."

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not Coal Lands—013966

Feb. 17, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Roland Emery Williams, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on Sept. 29, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 013966, for S½SW¼, Section 25, SE¼SE¼, Section 26, Township 1S, Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of invention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 31st day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: James H. Jackson, Hippolyte Bieule, William Eckhardt, Kay Bell, all of Santa Monica, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
04079
Not Coal Lands.
Jan. 27, 1913.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Jan. 27, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that James Henry Jackson, of Santa Monica, California, who, on December 24, 1907, made Homestead Entry, No. 04079, for north half of northeast quarter, section 35, township 1 south, range 17 west, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 10th day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John U. Henry, Hippolyte Bieule, Edward L. Burton, all of Malibu, Cal. Martin E. Balsley, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Not Coal Lands.
015737

U. S. Land Office at

Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that John Parkinson, whose postoffice address is 1035 Security Building, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 7th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 615737, to purchase the NE¼, Section 24, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

Perhaps one of the most misunderstood exhibitions of paintings that have ever been placed on public view in Los Angeles was the collection of sixty oils from the facile brush of C. Harry Allis, which was shown for one week only at Blanchard Gallery. These canvases, painted in France, Holland and Belgium, represent the painter in what should be the best period of his career as an artist, yet I was told by one of his life-long friends that this group of canvases is far less interesting than is usual with his best works. If this is correct I for one would greatly enjoy seeing a truly representative showing of this moody artist's work, for while I discerned many crudities of line and color and an abundance of technical imperfections in the canvases just shown, I found much to admire and more than a little to praise and appreciate. In the first place, it was a privilege to be able to give ample time to the study of these works, a luxury I seldom find opportunity to indulge in, and in the second place I had the good fortune to meet several artists who worked with Mr. Allis in Grez.

* * *

To know a land and to love it means much to the painter who is interpreting its landscape features upon canvas, and I am confident that Mr. Allis loved France when he painted it and understood its character as few can hope to do who have not lived long upon French soil. For the last seven years, Allis has lived in the romantic and picturesque little town of Grez and here much of his important work has been done. Holland and Belgium have furnished no small number of the subjects that proved attractive to the artistic perceptions of the painter. These rich, low-tones canvases prove a peculiar foil for the gray-tones of high-keyed studies taken at Montigny, Moret, and Fontainebleau.

* * *

Few, if any, of the works hung at this time were totally lacking in interest or craftsmanship, although I am by no means in sympathy with all of Mr. Allis' modes of expression and I am bound to disagree with much that he has to say in certain of his pretentious efforts. The collection as a whole is one of great variety and, I regret to say, one of very uneven quality. The fact that these canvases were to be sold at public auction should by no means have served as an excuse to bring forth the entire collection, regardless of merit. The public at large does not know a bad picture when it sees one and it behooves the artist and the art lover to protect, so far as possible, the ignorant layman who really does not wish to purchase a second rate work. A picture auction need not partake of the character of a rummage sale, or even assume a commercial aspect if rightly managed. Not a few of the finest canvases the world has ever known have been "knocked down to the highest bidder more than once. Even with this fact in view, I never see a beautiful painting under the auctioneer's mallet that it does not at once appeal to my sympathy. There is something so mute and helpless about a fine work of art that seems to shrink and shrivel when a cold, mercenary bargain is being waged for its ownership.

* * *

My opinion of Allis' collection may not be worth the paper it is written on for the reason that my critical analysis will be strongly tempered by my per-

sonal viewpoint, and who cares a fig what a picture means when pure sentiment is taken into account. Few who enter a gallery allow their sentiment to follow them and I am almost convinced that academic training has robbed our overstrained painters of any natural feeling when the work of a contemporary is considered. Artists are not charitable. Some of them may paint with soul, but they are bound to see with eye and brain. They reason a canvas out in cold technical equations and if one and one do not equal two, then the jig is up.

* * *

Then, again, no two artists see things alike in another's work. Mr. X. Y., one of our ablest painters, declares that Allis simply can't paint, while Mr. Z., a second artist equally fine, goes into raptures over the collection. Now, just where is the public to derive reliable instruction? Not from the overwise artist or the superficial critic. Why not from their own inner beings? Is it asking too much of the hide-bound mind to allow the individual free expression for once? May we not look deep and profoundly into life and spell one message of the soul out into practical chirography? Have we gone so far down the road of "why" and "wherefore" that we must measure the milk of human kindness by pints and quarts? It would seem so.

* * *

Here was a collection with a message of human love, human passion, and human failure. It possessed a psychology, deep, intense, and of varied degrees of interest. Personality was blended with tone and color and so vividly did the man stamp his life's ambitions, joys, failures, successes, and state of being upon his canvas that it would seem that one who runs may read. But not so. We went coldly and studied each canvas minutely and found much to be desired. We did not say, "Ah, here was a song sung at Moret on a day in spring," or "I see the sad painter seated at Fontainebleau, struggling between doubt and fear and sighing with the age-old trees that bend above him." No, indeed. We say, that Moret subject lacks solidity. It is not well-balanced, and the foreground is poorly done. The Fontainebleau canvas is dead in color and lacks spontaneity and verve.

* * *

In a special group hung seven canvases painted in a rural district in Southern France. Each was a tonal triumph in warm greys, as lovely as smoked pearl and as pulsating with life, or the emotion of nature, which is the same thing, as any painting I have ever seen—and what was remarked of them? One said, "The values are all out," and another, "The trees are flat," and a third, "That can't be good; I never saw anything like it." Shades of the masters! Did you ever see a man that looked like Rodin's "Thinker," or a woman who bore the slightest resemblance to Whistler's "Woman in Gray?" Art has only to do with the sensations of life. There is a higher truth than photographic truth and a deeper purpose than one of actuality. In art, the unreal becomes the real and the imitation of life and nature is merely the task of the unskilled. Nature yields to art only those elements of poetry and romance that the human mind back of the producer is able to grasp readily. The soul must be the transmitter and the result is a success or a failure, just as far as the hand is trained to obey the heart. Take

from nature all that your feeble sight can grasp and from God all that portion of beauty and love he has given you and paint as much of yourself into your canvas as you can and we will find a living work resulting.

If they who saw them have not been able to read the message in the canvases of Harry Allis and have not already taken therefrom their lesson of life, nothing I or any living one might say would enable them to grasp the point. It is an endowment and is born, not acquired.

* * *

At the Steckel Gallery, for the last two weeks, Maren Froelich of San Francisco has been showing a collection of thirty-five oils. About half of the collection depicts familiar west coast landscapes, while the remaining group is foreign in subject. Miss Froelich paints with a certain dash and boldness and in many respects her handling is not unlike that of Jules Pages. I do not mean to infer that this artist paints like Mr. Pages, for she certainly does not. Her work lacks originality and artistic finish and is not only uneven in quality but decidedly uneven in idea. She composes in an able manner and paints with a full brush, yet I find a lack of interest in all the work shown and a certain shallow purpose of line and color.

* * *

The collection as a whole presents a certain charm to the layman and few really poor works are to be found on the walls. "The Palace, Versailles," "Gates of the Luxembourg," "Autumn," and "La Fontaine Carpeaux" comprise a group of French subjects that are among the most noteworthy of the collection. These are treated in a broad, simple manner and as color compositions are of much value as works of art. "Merry - Go - Round," "Coming Through the Lupin," "Venice," "Lupin," and "Towers of the Conciergerie" are the titles given to a group of tiny sketches that are particularly beautiful as notes of color. Each is rich in tone and wonderfully luminous. These are quiet impressions, finely felt, and full of human interest; poetic, yet alive and vital. "The Chinese Robe," a Paris salon canvas, and three well-drawn studies of ballet girls, prove the fact that Miss Froelich is a figure painter of much ability. "Santa Maria Della Salute" (Venice), "The Terrace of the Queens (Venice)," "The Louvre and the Seine" are among the best of the larger works shown. This exhibition closes today.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not coal lands
Jan. 27, 1913.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
Jan. 27, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Fred E. Collins, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on January 4, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11555, Serial No. 092, for south half of southeast quarter, section 13, east half of northeast quarter, section 24, township 1 north, range 18 west, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 10th day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Minnie Lewis, Earl G. Horton, Ray Horton, James G. Elliott, Marie Elliott, George Lewis, all of Calabasas, California.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not coal lands
February 18, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that William Norris, of 520 N Alameda St., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on December 16, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 014439, for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ -SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 23, W $\frac{1}{2}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, NW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 26, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of April, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Edward A. Mellus, Joseph A. Anker, William A. Lockwood, all of Santa Monica, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not coal lands
Feb. 8, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker, whose postoffice address is Gen. Del., Santa Monica, California, did, on the 27th day of April, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015440, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00 and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 22nd day of April, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not coal lands
February 12, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ed W. Hopkins, whose post-office address is 322 W. Ave. 54, Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of May, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 015525, to purchase the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 11, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$60.00, and the land \$40.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 23rd day of April, 1913, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
Not coal lands
February 19, 1913.

NOTICE is hereby given that Edward L. Mitchell, whose post-office address is 428 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 12th day of November, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016863, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 21, Township 1 South, Range 19 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00 and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Social & Personal

Naturally, the eyes of society are turned toward the Auditorium for in the next week we are to have our first season of metropolitan grand opera. Many of our most prominent matrons have lent their names to the list of patronesses, and the big theater will be a blaze of beautiful gowns and jewels for every night of the engagement. Series of theater parties are planned, for even though the Lenten season is upon us, good music while one of the pleasures of life, is also one of the uplifting influences, and not even the most devout could cavil at its presentation in this time of sackcloth and ashes. Not only will the local society folk enjoy to the full this unusual offering, but the nearby towns will swell the gatherings. Jewels have been taken from safe-deposit boxes, the modistes have outdone themselves; the importers have lavished their newest ideas upon matrons and maids; and even aside from the attraction of the great operas to be presented, the Auditorium will present a picture the coming week that no great city can surpass.

Never did Christ Church present a more attractive appearance than when, Wednesday night, it was glowing with clusters of tall American Beauty roses and masses of fragrant deep pink carnations, for the marriage of Miss Olive Trask to Mr. Allan Langdon Leonard. The path of the bridal party was arched with asparagus plumosus studded with carnations with jardinières of ferns at the pew posts, and a bank of American Beauties at the altar. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Wayland Trask of St. Andrews place and a grand-daughter of the late Francis Murphy, and has been a favorite in Los Angeles and San Francisco society since her debut last season. Mr. Leonard is the son of Mrs. Perry Leonard of Hollywood and a Berkeley graduate, as is the bride, the romance which culminated in their marriage having begun at college. The bridal gown was of white charmeuse satin with garniture of real lace, and the tulle veil was caught with sprays of lilies of the valley. Matron of honor was the bride's aunt, Mrs. Edward Thomas Murphy, and the best man was Mr. Edward T. Murphy, who came from Philadelphia to attend their niece's wedding. Mrs. Murphy was gowned in pink charmeuse draped with crystal net and trimmed with chiffon rosebuds, and she carried a sheaf of American Beauty roses. Miss Dorothea Trask, who acted as maid of honor, wore pink charmeuse, lace-trimmed and decked with rose-buds, while the bridesmaids, who included Miss Marjorie Stanton, Miss Helen Weston, Miss Anita Ebner, Miss Edith Holder and Miss Helen Holmes were gowned alike in pink charmeuse with drapery of Dresden chiffon, and all carried American Beauty roses. Mr. Wayland Trask of Mariposa gave his sister in marriage, and the ushers included Messrs. Arden Day, Arthur Munson, Lloyd Greppin, Boyd Comstock, Warren Bovard and Thomas Murphy. The Rev. Baker P. Lee conducted the service. After the ceremony a reception was held at the Trask home, which was also decked with American Beauties. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. Arthur Letts, Mrs. Harold Janss, Mrs. Charles Clay King and Mrs. Thomas Murphy. The young people are enjoying a wedding trip and will stop in San Francisco for the wedding of Miss Marjorie Stanton and Mr. Arnold Weber, which takes place March 12. Miss Stanton was one of the attendants at the wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard will make

their home in Portland, where Mr. Leonard is established in business.

Miss Trask has been the honored guest at many pretty affairs since the announcement of her engagement. Monday afternoon Mrs. Arthur Letts of Holmby Hall, Hollywood, entertained with a luncheon for the bridal party and house guests. Yellow acacia blossoms and place-cards monogrammed in gold formed the appointments at the table, where covers were laid for Miss Trask, Mrs. Wayland Trask, Mrs. Frances Josephine Holmes, Mrs. Thomas A. Murphy of Philadelphia, Mrs. J. B. Vandergrift, Mrs. Charles E. Stanton of San Francisco, Miss Dorothea Trask, Miss Helen Holmes, Miss Gladys Buchanan, Miss Helen Weston of Berkeley, Miss Edith Harmon of Oakland, Miss Anita Ebner, Miss Marjorie Stanton and Miss Violet Cook of San Francisco. Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Farout presided at a card party at their home on 1744 Harvard boulevard. Pink roses and ferns graced the dining rooms and reception rooms, while jonquils were used in the living-room. Guests included the same party that enjoyed Mrs. Letts' affair, with the addition of Mr. T. A. Murphy, Mr. Warren Bovard, Mr. Boyd Comstock, Mr. Allen Leonard, Mr. Arden Day, Mr. Ralph Huntsberger, Mr. Wayland Trask, Mr. Arthur Munson, Mr. Harold Huntsberger and Mr. Lloyd Greppin. Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edward Murphy of Philadelphia complimented their niece and Mr. Leonard with a dinner at the Van Nuys. Spring blossoms and ferns formed the centerpiece of the table where covers were placed for the guests of honor, the hosts and Mrs. Wayland Trask, Mrs. Francis Josephine Holmes, Mrs. C. E. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Vandergrift, the Misses Marjorie Stanton, Caroline Peichart, Helen Holmes, Anita Ebner, Gladys Buchanan, Edith Holder, Dorothea Trask, Helen Weston, Edith Harmon, Violet Cook, and Messrs. Wayland Trask, Warren Bovard, Lloyd Greppin, Bradner Lee, Jr., Arthur Munson, Ralph Huntsberger, Harold Huntsberger and Boyd Comstock.

At a quiet home ceremony, witnessed only by immediate relatives, Miss Fannie Rowan, daughter of Mrs. George D. Rowan of Harvard boulevard, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Henry Melvin Young of London, England. Acacia blossoms and ferns were used in the decorations, with masses of jonquils arranged in low bowls. The bride wore a gown of white lace and her tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms while she carried a shower of lilies of the valley. The only attendant was little Miss Lorraine Rowan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Rowan. Mr. E. G. Kuster served as best man, while Mr. Robert Rowan gave his sister away. After the supper which followed the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Young left for a brief wedding trip, after which they will return to Los Angeles to stay.

At a charmingly appointed luncheon given by Mrs. Phillip Forve of Westlake avenue Thursday afternoon, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Mary Louise Maier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Maier to Mr. Alfred Thomas Brant, son of Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Brant of South Figueroa street. The tables were decorated with pink Killarney roses, and covers were laid for Miss Maier's coterie of close friends, including the Misses Helen Brant, Florence Bowden, Florence Brown and her house-guest, Marian Bartlett, Clara Leonardt, Marian Ward, Evangeline Duque, May Rhodes, Ruth Larned, Mary Belle Pey-

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ton, and her house-guest, Nell Carnahan, Virginia Nourse, Barbara Burkhalter, Edna Bradford, Emily Johnson, Lois Salisbury, Glenn Edwards, Mercedes de Luna, Hildreth Maier, and Lelia Jolly and Mmes. Alfred Wright, Harold Janss, Edwin Janss, Silsby Spalding, Bernard Tyler, O. F. Brant, Robert Shackelford, Raymond Bradford, George Murdock, Clarence Brickner, Joseph Maier, Simon Maier, Laura Rieger, Carl Leonhardt, Frank Powell and Mr. Brant's aunt, Mrs. Blair, who is here from Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin and Master Homer Laughlin have left for a

tour of the world. Miss Gwendolyn Laughlin and Mrs. Bernard accompanied them as far as San Francisco.

Miss Maude Elizabeth Adams, daughter of Mrs. W. A. Gillespie of 1019 St. Andrews place, was married Tuesday morning to Mr. Robert Leland Gillespie, the Rev. Alfred Hale performing the ceremony at the bride's home. The house was fragrant with pink blossoms and fernery, and the lights were shaded with pink tulle. The bride wore her mother's wedding gown of brocaded satin trimmed with rosepoint, and her veil was caught with sprays of orange blossoms. She carried an arm shower

of lilies of the valley with maidenhair ferns and a cascade of tulle. There were no attendants, Dr. Covington giving the bride into the keeping of the groom. A wedding breakfast was served following the ceremony for immediate members of the two families. Pink roses and ferns decked the dining room, and the same blossoms were used as a centerpiece for the table. Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie are enjoying a stay in San Francisco, and on their return will reside in Ocean Park.

Miss Barbara Burkhalter, daughter of Mrs. Denis Burkhalter, will probably be married to Mr. Standish Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Mitchell, the latter part of March or the first part of April. It had been planned that the ceremony should take place March 18, but owing to the absence of Mr. Mitchell's father in the east, the date was changed.

Miss Katherine Johnson entertained Wednesday afternoon with an informal tea for Miss Sarah Grosse, who is the house guest of Miss Josephine Lacy of Wilshire boulevard.

Miss Elizabeth Bishop entertained informally yesterday afternoon with a luncheon in honor of Miss Marion Benoist, who is visiting here from St. Louis.

Miss Georgie Off has returned to Hotel Darby after a visit with Judge and Mrs. Fuller of Vista.

This evening the Amateur Players are to enjoy a theatrical and musical program at the home of Captain William Banning, recently erected at Thirty-first and Hover. A one-act play will be presented by Mrs. William K. Thompson, Miss Aileen McCarthy, Dr. Thomas J. Orbison and one or two others, Miss Georgie Off will give a classical dance and there will be a musical program, followed by dancing.

Under the direction of D. F. Robertson there left this week Mrs. Irving I. Millard, Mrs. Maude Gifford Jackson, Mrs. James B. Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Walters, Mr. and Mrs. James Wolfe for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hutchinson have left for a trip to Panama.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sweeney and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gage have returned from an automobile trip to Arrowhead and Riverside.

March program for the Ebell Club comprises the reciprocity luncheon and program for Monday, March 3; March 10, music by local composers; March 17, Miss Marion Cook will give a stereopticon lecture on Sicily and the Greek Island; March 24, Mrs. Lila Tupper Maynard will talk on "Key Notes in the Modern Drama," and March 31, Ernest A. Bachelder will give an illustrated lecture on "The Cathedral Builders."

Frank Barkley Copley's novel, "The Impeachment of President Israel," has just been published by the Macmillans. It is called "a novel of peace," and has for its theme the refusal of a future president of the United States to go to war with Germany in spite of the strongest kind of provocation given by the latter country. Frank Danby's new novel, "Concert Pitch," is announced for early publication. A new edition, the third since its publication, of John Masfield's "The Story of a Round House and Other Poems," is announced.

Stanley Washburn's "Nogi: A Man Against the Background of a Great War," is one the publishers have been looking forward to as important. Washburn knew Nogi well, was constantly with him, and has illustrated his book largely from photographs he himself took. The book reveals a curious fact. The Japanese has planned their campaign up to Mukden so carefully and regarded the plan as being so certain to annihilate the Russian army—that beyond Mukden they had no plan at all! The work of the planners was scientific—astonishingly so—and their

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Not Coal Lands.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.
NOTICE is hereby given that John M. Elliott, whose postoffice address is 200 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 11th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015975, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 9, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 30th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Not coal lands.

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., January 21, 1913.
Notice is hereby given that Charles J. Johnson, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on Sept. 7, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 013834, for N $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 27, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 3rd day of March, 1913, at 10 o'clock a.m. Claimant names as witnesses: Joseph A. Anker, John Riley, William D. Newell, Cylurus W. Logan, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

There is a rare treat for the theatergoer at the Mason Opera House this week, in Herman Bahr's scintillating little comedy, "The Concert," adapted to the American stage and deliciously played by Leo Ditrichstein, the premier farceur. Probably, there are many who will lift their eyebrows deprecatingly at several Parisian situations, but there is nothing offensive, for even if there are several moments which seem a trifle frank for the American stage, they are so delicately played and so faithful to realism that only the prurient could object. It is not suggestion—it is clever truth, even pointing a moral, but never with solemnity nor a "holier-than-thou" attitude. It has not been "adapted" to such a degree that its force or its charm has been lost; it has sparkle

ters are complicated when a jealous adorer of Gabor informs Doctor Dallas that his wife has gone with Gabor, and then, frightened at what she has done, confesses to Mrs. Arany. But the doctor is a well-bred, unusually logical man. He reasons that if his wife does not care for him and does care for Arany that he has no right to stand in her way. He presents his side of the case to Helen, and they agree that if the love between her husband and his wife is real, they will step aside. They go together to the bungalow where Gabor and Mrs. Dallas are staying. The schoolgirl wife has already regretted her romantic foolishness—she has not even permitted Arany a caress. When Dallas and Helen appear they are badly frightened, but there is no scene. The doctor and Helen make pretense that they too have discovered



MME. SARAH BERNHARDT, AT THE ORPHEUM NEXT WEEK

and charm, satire and wit—and always played with well-bred modulation by the actors. Leo Ditrichstein is inimitable as Gabor Arany, the genius of unmistakable artistic temperament. Gabor lives in an atmosphere of adoration, of incense burned at his shrine by dozens of hero-worshipping women. His sensible American wife, whose tenderness for her husband is both that of mother and wife, looks on, if not contentedly, at least with reconciliation to her lot in life. She feels that Gabor loves her alone—that his various little affaires de coeur are merely flowers that he plucks by the wayside. Whenever Gabor becomes deeply enamored of a fair charmer, he disappears on a private concert tour—which means that he is taking his light o' love to his bungalow in the Catskills. But Helen, his wife, finally rebels at one of these "concerts." Mat-

ters are complicated when a jealous adorer of Gabor informs Doctor Dallas that his wife has gone with Gabor, and then, frightened at what she has done, confesses to Mrs. Arany. But the doctor is a well-bred, unusually logical man. He reasons that if his wife does not care for him and does care for Arany that he has no right to stand in her way. He presents his side of the case to Helen, and they agree that if the love between her husband and his wife is real, they will step aside. They go together to the bungalow where Gabor and Mrs. Dallas are staying. The schoolgirl wife has already regretted her romantic foolishness—she has not even permitted Arany a caress. When Dallas and Helen appear they are badly frightened, but there is no scene. The doctor and Helen make pretense that they too have discovered

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After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty
Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

all these are limned with studious care, yet giving the effect of spontaneity. The company is remarkably well balanced. Isabel Irving plays Helen Arany with the charm of maturity—not only the maturity of ripe womanhood, but of stage experience. The Flora Dallas of Madge West is scarcely less excellent, and the Doctor Dallas of Nye Chart is capital. The bevy of adoring women is portrayed by half a dozen good-looking damsels, and the jealous devotee of Kathryn Tyndall is an admirable bit. The settings are excellent in effect.

"Naughty Marietta" at the Majestic

Perhaps, "Naughty Marietta," which is at the Majestic this week, may have been so well-mounted and played in its original production that it had an excuse for existence, but the traveling company leaves only an effect of mediocrity—music, book, lyrics, and company. The plot is slender, the songs attenuated, the comedy almost an impalpable shade. Rida Johnson Young who is guilty of the "book" has drawn for a plot on the casquette girls, sent to America by the King of France to become wives of the settler. One of the maidens is a countess, a naughty school girl, who has disguised herself in this way in order to see a little bit of life. She is assisted by Captain

Dick Warrington, a woman-hater, and of course wins his heart and gives her own. The small thread of story is far from interesting, and the songs are not even "catchy," unless it be the "Southern Moon" song, sung with splendid effect by Laura Baer, who is really the star of the production, in spite of the fact that Florence Webber is given "caps" to denote her importance as Marietta. Miss Webber cannot lend the schoolgirl illusion necessary to the role—she is too plump, too mature in appearance, even though she might be very attractive in a less prominent part. The comedy moments of the piece are provided by Blanche Latell, as a grotesque and ancient damsel looking for a husband. The chorus numbers are in several instances entertaining, because of the dancing, but the opening chorus is sung gratingly off key and with no thought of the demands of ensemble effect. The whole affair is dull, and there seems to be lack of good stage management throughout.

Good Bill at Orpheum

If Orpheum audiences had their will this week, they would never release Ralph Herz, who, generous of encore, is kept on the stage for a period far exceeding his schedule time. Herz has a magnetic personality and the charm

of individuality, and a genius for comedy songs and dramatic recitations. His rendition of Robert Service's Kipling-like verse, "The Killing of Dan Magrue" brings down the house, and his sly fun in his comedy songs is just as effective. Another favorite act is that of Lolo, the Indian mystic. Lolo is a rather pretty Indian maiden, who is blindfolded to a painful degree, and who mystifies her audiences by revealing the addresses on their letters, their names, etc. It seems scarcely necessary to blindfold the girl to the extent of sealing her eyes with court plaster. It is obviously a most painful process, and there is no occasion for it. In The Grazers' act there is little of worth. The sight of a man doing a feminine toe dance is far from elevating and entertaining. The Schenck brothers do marvelous equilibrium feats, and holdovers are Grant and Hoag, Those French Girls and Roxy La Rocca.

Offerings for Next Week

Sunday evening marks the return to the Majestic theater of "The Prince of Pilsen," the Pixley-Luders musical comedy, which is one of the greatest successes ever written. The company will introduce many new faces, and in the chief comedy role will come "Jess" Dandy, a German dialect comedian who created the role of Hans Wagner. Lottie Kendall, the mezzo-soprano, who is a favorite in this city will have a prominent role and will be one of the famous quartette which includes Mary Murray, Fred Lyon, and Bernard Ferguson. Norma Brown, who will play Sidonie, the French maid, will do the famous whirlwind dance with Bobby Woolsey, who is cast as the French concierge, Francois. The chorus is said to be the pick of Broadway, with picture girls who can sing. An entirely new scenic production and costumes, with an augmented orchestra, will lend flavor to this notable revival.

Vaudeville history in Los Angeles will be marked by its supreme event the coming fortnight, when Sarah Bernhardt, the world-famous actress will fill a two weeks' engagement. No attraction that has played in Los Angeles has had so tremendous an advance sale, practically 50,000 of the 56,000 seats for the entire two weeks already having been sold. Madame Bernhardt, coming under the direction of Martin Beck, brings with her a coterie of players selected from her own Theatre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris, headed by M. Tellegan. Her first week's program includes, Monday and Tuesday, matinee and night, "Lucrece Borgia," Wednesday and Thursday, matinee and night, "One Christmas Night," Friday matinee and night, "Theodora," Saturday and Sunday, matinee and night, "Camille." For each of these productions full scenic, electric and property effects are carried, and a complete wardrobe. In every detail the presentation will be complete. With Madame Bernhardt comes a bill of selected vaudeville acts, each with her own stamp of approval. These embrace the Philip Bartholomae players in an unique skit, "And They Lived Happy Ever After," Josie Heather, the clever English comedienne; Brenner & Ratcliffe in a skit called "At the Flower Shop," McMahon, Diamond and Clemence in a singing and dancing number, "The Scarecrow," Ignatius Cardosh, piano virtuoso, and Lolo, the Indian mystic, who is the only holdover. There will be especially selected orchestral music for the entire Bernhardt engagement. In her second week Madame Bernhardt, in addition to "Camille," "One Christmas Night" and "Lucrece Borgia" will give special productions of "Phadre" and "La Tosca." Details will be announced later. Immediately after the Bernhardt engagement the Orpheum will show its talking motion views.

Nat C. Goodwin's performance of Fagin in "Oliver Twist" continues to be the histrionic magnet that attracts crowded houses to the Morosco theater. Nothing that Goodwin has played in

this city can approach his remarkable characterization of the sly old Jew of Dickens' story. He is receiving brilliant support from Harrison Hunter as Bill Sykes, Helen Robertson as Nancy, Grace Valentine as Oliver, Robert Ober as the Artful Dodger and from other of the Morosco Producing Company. This will be the last week of "Oliver Twist," as the Morosco Producing Company is under contract to give the first stock production of Augustus Thomas' famous play, "The Witching Hour," before March 10. This will also necessitate the postponement of the first production of Hayden Talbot's new comedy, "O Jee," written especially for Goodwin's use, and which was scheduled to follow "Oliver Twist" on the Morosco stage.

"The Elixir of Youth" keeps up its laughing record at the Burbank theater, where audiences that test the seating capacity of the house acclaim the popularity of the Zella Covington-Jules Simonson farce, which is living up to the claim of the press agent that it is a funnier show than "Baby Mine" and "Charley's Aunt." The audiences shriek with glee over the laughable scenes and situations, they scream with



Minnie Saltzman Stevens

hilarity until the walls of the theater reverberate. Beyond providing an exceptionally abundant amount of fun, no excuse for the existence of "The Elixir of Youth" is offered, but as a farcical absurdity in which there is no let-up, it is a classic. It is exceedingly well played by the Burbank organization, which seems to extract as much fun out of its performance as do the audiences. Forrest Stanley, Grace Travers, Beatrice Nichols, Lillian Elliott and other popular members are doing capital work, and Zella Covington himself is playing the leading role.

Chicago Grand Opera Attractions.

Of course, the event of the week—the event of many weeks to come—is the advent at the Auditorium of the Chicago Grand Opera Company, which opens its season Tuesday evening with Massenet's opera, "Thais," with Mary Garden, America's celebrated diva, in the chief role. "Thais" is a lyric comedy, based on the novel of Anatole France which has been sung in every capital of Europe, but it remained for Mary Garden to give both France and America the best "Thais" that has ever been offered. The role of Athaniel is

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Philip Bartholomae's Players

JOSIE HEATHER

BRENNER & RATCLIFFE

Winsome English Comedienne

"At the Flower Stand"

McMAHON, DIAMOND & CLEMENCE

"The Scare Crow"

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LOLO, THE MYSTIC

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entrusted to Hector Dufranne, the versatile Parisian baritone, and Charles Dalmores, the tenor, will sing the part of Nicias. Gustav Huberdeau, the basso, sings Palemon and the smaller parts are to be given by distinguished singers; with Constantin Nicolay, the Russian basso, as the servant; Marie Cavan, one of the American sopranos, as Crobyle; Minnie Egner, the Dutch soprano, as Myratala, and Louise Berat, the French contralto, as Albins. The musical director for the evening will be Cleofonte Campanini, with stage direction under Fernand Almanz. The chorus, orchestra and supernumeraries are said to be trained to perfection. Wednesday afternoon, March 5, is to be given over to a marvelous triple bill, a program extending over three and a half hours, including the second act of Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffman," introducing Helen Stanley as Gioletta, Ruby Heyl as Niclaus, Edmond Warnery as Holman, Armand Crabbe as Dapertotto, Desire Defrere as Schlemiel, and Emilio Venturini as Pitichinaccio. "Hansel and Gretel" is to be given in English as the second part of the Wednesday afternoon program, with Marie Cavan, who is considered the greatest Hansel in this country, in that part. Mabel Riegelman, the youthful soprano of Oakland, will sing Gretel, in which she made a distinct hit in Chicago. The role of the witch is in the efficient hands of Adele Legard, one of the mezzo-sopranos, while Louise Berat and Armand Crabbe will be heard as the mother and father. Helen Warrun will sing the roles of the Sandman and the Dewman. This will be followed by the grand ballet divertissement, with Rosina Galli as premier danseuse, in the following program:

Premiere Danseuse Etoile (Rosina Galli)

and Corps de Ballet: Slavic Dances (Dvorak), (a) Corps de Ballet, (b) Pas de Caractere, Rosina Galli, Anna Bollman and Corps de Ballet; Toreador et Andalous (Rubinstein), Corps de Ballet; Krakowiak (Glinka), Julie Hudak; Dutch Clog Dance (Lortzing), Corps de Ballet; Habanera from "Natoma" (Herbert), Rosina Galli; Hungarian Dance, No. 5 (Brahms), Corps de Ballet; La Ciociara, Pas de Caractere (G. Vanuccini), Julie Hudak and Luigi Albertieri; Adagio (Joh. Strauss); Pizzicato—Polka from "Sylvia" (Delibes), Rosina Galli; Valse, "Roses from the South" (Joh. Strauss), Rosina Galli and the entire Corps de Ballet.

Wednesday evening, March 5, Verdi's superb dramatic opera, "Rigoletto" will be presented, with Luisa Tetrazzini supported by the full strength of the Italian section. It is doubtful if in the entire history of opera there has been a prima donna who has had such a romantic career as Mme. Tetrazzini, who will sing Gilda. She holds a foremost place in both the operatic and concert field, her wonderful voice making her a peer of singers. Mario Sammarco, the Sicilian baritone who is one of the most popular singers in American grand opera, has the part of Rigoletto, while Gustave Huberdeau will be at home as Sparafucile. For the last three seasons Marguerite Keyes has been singing herself into fame, and her past successes as Maddelina have warranted her being entrusted with that part. Louise Berat will sing Giovanni and Constantin Nicolay will be Conterone. The famous quartet is thereby assured. Friday evening Richard Wagner's "Die Walkure" is to be given, with Minnie Saltzman-Stevens, the new Wagnerian soprano as Brunnhilde. The first performance of grand opera she ever saw was "Die Walkure," and she made her American debut in that part in the same theater in which she first witnessed it. Sieglinde will be sung by

Jane Osborn-Hanna, and Eleanora de Cisneros, the mezzo-soprano has been especially engaged for Fricka. Charles Dalmores will be Siegmund, while Henri Scott, leading basso, will have a part in which he has triumphed all over the country—that of Hunding. Clarence Whitehill, the talented baritone, is cast as Wotan, and Minnie Egner will be Ortlinde, with Ruby Heyl as Waltraute. Other singers are Louise Berat, Jenny Dufau, Marie Cavan, Marguerite Keyes, Adele Legard and Helen Stanley. Saturday afternoon Victor Herbert's celebrated opera in three acts, a story of our own missions, "Natoma" will be sung, with Mary Garden as the Indian girl, Helen Stanley as Barbara, George Hamlin as Lieut. Paul Merrill, Henry Scott as Don Francisco and Hector Dufranne in his famous part of Father Peralta. Mario Sammarco has the role of Juan Bautista Alvarado, his first English role, and in which his diction is said to be perfect. Other characters are in capable hands. Saturday night has been held for "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Luisa Tetrazzini, who has been called the greatest of Lucias in that role. Aristodemo Giorgini, the new lyric tenor will be Edgardo, Giovanni Polese, the baritone will sing Lord Enrico, Gustab Huberdeau is to be Raimondo, and other parts are well cast. Sunday afternoon at the Shrine Auditorium will be given over to a symphony concert and other renditions by the Campanini Orchestra. The second week's offerings will be of equal interest, with "Tristan and Isolde," as one of the big features.

Westerners who have heard of the charms of Adeline Genee these many months, by tongue and critic, through magazine and newspaper and photographer, will be delighted to hear that she is to come to Los Angeles the last week in March with her company of dancers. This little danseuse has taken the world by storm, and her advent is almost as notable as that of the grand opera offering.

But two more artists are to appear here in the Philharmonic course, and they are Josef Lhevinne, the pianist, who comes April 1, and Eugene Ysaye, the violinist, who will be here April 29 to close the series.

"La Flambee" Now "The Spy" of Gotham

In "The Spy," now running at the Empire theater, is a well-acted, interesting offering. It is an English version of Henry Kistemaeker's play "La Flambee," by Peter Le Marchant, the scene laid in France near Mijoux. The action takes place in Baron Stettin's castle from which may be seen fortifications in process of construction by the French government under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Felt, the iron man with the reputation of bending all men to his will, who by sheer force of mental power has placed himself in line for head of the next ministry. Trouble has occurred between Felt and his wife and Marcel Beaucourt, a lawyer of unusual reputation, has stepped in to console her. She has come to the conclusion that divorce and re-marriage are necessary to her happiness. She has hesitated on account of her son, a little fellow of six, but she now feels that his future will not be injured by her action. She puts the matter before a priest, her one time father confessor, but Monseigneur has but one word to say. The church cannot sanction divorce. Marriage is a sacrament, if Monique severs her connection with her husband and marries another man in the eyes of heaven he will be her lover. The priest's attitude but strengthens her determination. She makes an appointment with Beaucourt to consider details. She will leave the door of her room unlocked. He is to come at one o'clock and enter without knocking. Felt has already thrown the countlet before Beaucourt. He has told him that he loves his wife, that his liaison with the other woman was merely a rash and final effort to win his wife's regard and that as the stronger man he will win eventually.

As Felt takes his candle to go to his room he is stopped by Jules Glogau who asks for a word in private. Glogau is a clever man, and he has the man of iron in his power. It seems that Felt has spent large sums of borrowed money. Glogau has gradually acquired his notes and now intends to press the claim. The notes will be presented for payment in three days. Felt must find the money or be disgraced. His prospects for political advancement will fail. Their conversation is interrupted. Glogau says that he will come to Felt's room in ten minutes for he has a proposal. The curtain falls as they ascend the stairs. The next act takes place in Monique Felt's boudoir. The curtain rises upon an empty stage. Her little maid opens the door and calls, at first gently and then in a terror-stricken voice. She is frightened. She cannot explain, but she thinks Madame may have fallen out of bed. She heard something heavy fall and then silence

ique at the door saying words that will keep him from entering. The footsteps recede but Felt understands. He throws her off.

But Monique's new-found love is too strong. It breaks down his suspicious. It is now her turn to be strong. She must find a way to save him. Together they go to his room. The body must not be found there. The next morning Glogau is discovered sitting in his chair, with only a mark on his throat to indicate how he met his death. Beaucourt has charge of the investigation. He learns from the priest that Monique and her husband have made up their differences. In one hour, says the priest, he has undone what Beaucourt has taken two years to do. Beaucourt guesses that Felt committed the crime. In his pique he makes up his mind to bring the murderer to justice. The two men meet. And the the man of iron speaks. He admits the murder and announces his intention to give



MME. LUISA TETRAZZINI

that was terrifying. A fine sense of mystery and suspense is created. Monique laughs at the child's fears and sends her to bed. A moment later an insistent knocking is heard. Monique opens the door and her husband comes in. He asks permission to stay in the room. This Monique cannot permit. Felt is excited and very nervous. Finally, it comes out that he has murdered Glogau. Glogau made a proposal that touched his soldier's honor and in a second his hand was upon the other's throat and pressed too hard. The lifeless figure fell at his feet. He has come to his wife's room to say the last things that must be said before he gives himself up. As he talks she comes to know that he has always loved her, and that his harsh ways were those of the soldier who gets what he wants by force. She is touched. He is in trouble. But there is Beaucourt, coming now any minute. At last his footsteps and Mon-

himself up, but he wishes Beaucourt to understand. The honor of France was touched and the soldier vindicated it. Glogau was a spy. He had suggested to Felt to save himself by selling the plans of the fortifications. Beaucourt understands and now assumes control in earnest. Felt is too valuable to his country to be sacrificed. Beaucourt will not permit him to give himself up. He himself will make explanations to the government. And he leaves Monique and her husband at one with their life before them. Cyril Keightly as Felt and Julian L'Estrange as Beaucourt, who have already won honor this season for their excellent playing in "The New Sin," are eminently satisfactory as also is Edith Wynne Matthison as Monique. A special word of praise should be said for Jane May for her playing of the tiny part of Annette. She is only on the stage for a minute or two at the beginning of the second act. But as the

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
Not Coal Lands.
015689

U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Calif., Feb. 18, 1913.
NOTICE is hereby given that William M. Garland, whose postoffice address is 324 Huntington Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 1st day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 015689, to purchase the W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, Section 10, Township 1 South, Range 18 West, S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$120.00, and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 29th day of April, 1913, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
February 26, 1913.

Not coal lands. 03756
NOTICE is hereby given that Guillermo Bojorquez, of Palms, Cal., who, on January 6, 1906, made Homestead entry, No. 03756, for Lots 1, 2, 3 & 4, Section 19, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California, on the 9th day of April, 1913, at 9 o'clock a. m.
Claimant names as witnesses: N. S. Guzman, of Palms, Cal.; Morton Allen, Juan Vargas, Francisco Trujillo, Dolores Trujillo, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention
to Music and Drama than any similar
publication on the coast.

frightened little maid she succeeds in setting the keynote of the act which had to lead up to the murder and the horror of the husband and wife setting things to rights.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, Feb. 24, 1913.

Books

Here is a book of such whimsical absurdity that it keeps the reader in a continual chuckle—it provides as entertaining an hour of light reading as the most captious critic could desire. Who would suppose that Louis Joseph Vance, concoctor of melodramatic novels, could conceive such a swashbuckling, irrepressible story as "The Day of Days?" It is an extravaganza—named so on the title page—and the adventures that befall Percival Sybarite from 11:10 Saturday evening to 9:45 Sunday morning are rapid-fire, self loading, breathless. The title is taken from "Kismet," in which the Oriental decree is given that each man shall range the gamut of life and love in his Day of Days. P. Sybarite's day begins when he has escorted a charming young woman to the theater, she being a mysterious fellow-boarder. He rescues her from the machinations of a villain, breaks the bank in a gambling house, is threatened with death half a dozen times, saves a lady of questionable reputation from murder, attends a fashionable masquerade as Nemesis, rescues a young cousin from a hideous dive below the dead line—then brings things to a climax by saving the young woman all over again and winning her and her fortune for himself. It is all deliciously foolish, and P. Sybarite is the most charming and different hero of late fiction. ("The Day of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Cry in The Wilderness"

We have grown to expect good things from Mary E. Waller, whose "Wood-Carver of Lympus" brought her into the limelight of public favor and popularity. Perhaps all her books have had a strong smack of the sentimental, but her gift of narrative and her excellent diction formed a good counterbalance. But her latest novel, "A Cry in the Wilderness" is all sentiment—slushy, sloppy sentiment. Not sex interest, or the Robert Chambers hecticism; but the sentiment delighted in by Bertha M. Clay and writers of her ilk. Marcia Farrell, the heroine, has rather incredulous luck when, on the verge of starvation in New York, she answers a want ad for a Canadian post which provides her with a good position, clears up the mystery of her life and brings love. Things don't happen like that—and it is hard to strain the imagination to meet the author's demand. It would seem that Miss Waller has tried so hard to be original that she has succeeded only in being rather repellent. Gordon Ewart, who is Marcia's employer and then her lover, proves to have been the husband of Marcia's mother. For a time the girl fears that he is her father and runs away—but, of course, he overtakes her and by assuring her that her mother and he were husband and wife "only in name" persuades her to marry him. It is a sickly plot, couched in sickly sentimentalism, and surely not a credit to Miss Waller. Even her pen seems to have lost its power of description and characterization, for the book holds interest from neither point. ("A Cry in the Wilderness," By Mary E. Waller. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Island of Beautiful Things"

When romantic schoolgirls are called upon to write a story for their English classes, they usually achieve something like Will Allen Dromgoole's "The Island of Beautiful Things"—of course not

with the finished skill of Miss Dromgoole's writing; but with a similarity of plot and soliloquy. Her people do not seem real—they go about spouting beautiful sentiments which, alas, are but platitudes of the first water. They talk—or rather, they orate in high-flown phrases. The Man has had his heart cracked by a faithless Woman, and the Girl proceeds to caulk up the seam until it can't be discovered with the naked eye, although, of course, "the scar is still there." There is never a moment of suspense and never a second of keen interest. The only appealing thing in the book is the friendship of The Man and The Boy—for The Boy is a most alluring little rascal, and one who gets next to the heart. The remainder of the book impels smiles because of the absurdity of it. We like good things, but not goody-goody ones. ("The Island of Beautiful Things," By Will Allen Dromgoole. L. C. Page & Co.)

Notes From Bookland

In 1866 I was an undergraduate of a year's standing at Balliol College, Oxford, certainly not an unlettered academy, wrote Andrew Lang a few weeks before he died. In that year the early and the best poems of a considerable Balliol poet were published; he had "gone down" some eight years before. Being young and green, I eagerly sought for traditions about Mr. Swinburne. One of his contemporaries, who took a first in the classical schools, told me he was a "smug." Another, that, as Mr. Swinburne and his friend (later a Scotch professor) were not cricketers, they proposed that they should combine to pay but a single subscription to the cricket club. A third, a tutor of the highest reputation as a moralist and metaphysician, merely smiled at my early enthusiasm—and told me nothing. A white-haired college servant said that "Mr. Swinburne was a very quiet gentleman." . . . A very humble parallel may follow. Some foolish person went seeking early anecdotes of my native town—Selkirk on the Ettrick. From an intelligent townsman he gathered much that was true and interesting about my younger brothers, who delighted in horses and dogs, hunted, shot and fished, and played cricket; one of them bowled for Gloucestershire and Oxford. But about me the inquiring literary snipe only heard that "Andra was aye the stupid one o' the fam'ly." Yet I, too, had bowled for the local club, non sine gloria! Even that was forgotten.

George Bernard Shaw is thus described by one who recently heard him debate with Hilaire Belloc: He was disappointing as a personality. Tall, lean, straight as a dart and as keen, just a little brown showing through his white beard and hair, only a white collar and the glitter of his pincenez relieving the sombreness of his black clothes. His voice is clear, with a tenor note and the slightest of Irish accents. In speaking he faces his audience with the certainty of an old practised hand—no notes—not a trace of fumbling—no dull progression from point to point in a logical chain—but brilliant flashes here and there on a subject which he is striving not so much to expound as to irradiate—with a certain elusiveness altogether Irish and Shavian and, may I add, professional. The whole debate struck me as professional, two brilliant men striving in a kind of mock enmity not to win but to impress the audience. Perhaps that is judging the debate and the debaters somewhat

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meanly; but throughout I had much the same feeling evoked in me by the spectacle of two pugilists sparring for a purse in seeming deadliness of friendly purpose. On the whole, I think Belloc was wise to play for safety and dullness; had he given Shaw an opening he would, I am sure, have succumbed, as Chesterton did last year, under a burst of pyrotechnics.

In a letter to a New York editor Elizabeth Robins defends the verisimilitude of the basic incident in her novel "My Little Sister," a young girl's disappearance into white slavery. Miss Robins adduces the fact that in London there had been reported lost and never heard of again fifty-three girls within the last year. This does not cover the point made last week by Mr. Lucian Cary—that this particular terrible thing does not ordinarily happen to girls of the upper middle classes. Another one of Miss Robins' facts does not seem to cover it. A London magistrate, reading Miss Robins' story, said: "This is the precise tragedy which befell the daughters of an intimate friend of my wife's—only in that case neither of the two girls has been heard of since." Miss Robins' letter recognizes that "the fact of any given incident of a story being true has little enough bearing on the artistic truth of the story," and it looks as though the failure of "My Little Sister" to convince Mr. Cary and others were a failure in artistic truth rather than a failure in truth to fact.

George Middleton's one-act play, "Tradition," acted recently by New York woman suffragists, was published last Saturday by Holt in a volume containing five other one-act plays—"On Bail," "Their Wife," "Waiting," "The Chest of Pity," and "Mothers." The publishers expect these plays to appeal particularly to women.

George Vane's new novel, entitled "The Love Dream," is announced by John Lane Company. It tells the story of Sicilians of old lineage and considerable wealth who are settled in a manor house in England, and who are connected with the diplomatic circles in London. There is also a translation, by Alfred Allinson, of another of Anatole France's novels called "The Aspirations of Jean Servien." Two other books appearing at the same time are a large paper edition, on Normandy

vellum, of George Leland Hunter's "Tapestries: Their Origin, History and Renaissance," and a biography of James Fenimore Cooper, by Mary E. Phillips, who has obtained, for the purposes of this work, permission from some members of the Cooper family to use excerpts from letters, portraits and pictures which have never before left their hands.

Three novels were published last week by Little, Brown & Co. "The Day of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance; "On Board the Beatic," by Anna Chapin Ray, and "The Maiden Manifest," by Delia Campell Macleod. They also brought out "The Romance of the Men of Devon," by Francis Gribble, and "Famous Speeches" (second series), edited by Herbert Paul. The publication of Jeffery Farnol's new novel, "The Amateur Gentleman," in which are told the adventures of a country-bred youth in London, is now definitely announced for the 15th of March. On the same date will be issued "The Mischief-Maker," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, a novel in which the author returns to the type of fiction that brought him his greatest popularity—a blending of love, romance and diplomatic intrigue.

"I wrote 'Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby' a number of years ago," says Kathleen Norris, whose volume of short stories under that title has just been published. "I've forgotten now just where I first submitted it, but when it came back I threw it into an old trunk and forgot all about it. When I began to take up writing seriously a member of my family found the manuscript and, without saying anything to me, sent it to Munsey's Magazine. I don't think I ever received more hearty encouragement or a more gratifying surprise than when I received the editor's letter of acceptance, with the check inclosed, in my mail about a fortnight later."

Charles A. Eastman, the Sioux author of "Red Hunters and the Animal People," evidently does not share the opinion of so many of our aborigines as to the treatment they have received from the white man. Ohiyesa—to give Mr. Eastman his native name—declared recently that "the policy and ultimate purpose of Americans toward my race has been admirable, Christian in tone and theory."



Stocks & Bonds

Although trading on the board this week has been comparatively quiet, the volume of transactions which have taken place this last month makes February prominent in the annals of the Los Angeles stock exchange, as the busiest February in many years with the single exception of 1910. While the complete totals have not yet been compiled Secretary Parsons estimated that the business deals would involve almost \$700,000, which will be a 100 per cent increase over January.

The market was even slacker than last week, caused by two exceedingly dull days Tuesday and Thursday. Anticipation of the coming inauguration of President Wilson and doubt as to his policies toward Big Business in general are assigned as the cause. Despite the paucity of transactions the market in most cases has been firm, and prices well maintained.

The upward flight of Amalgamated Oil securities has been the feature of the week. A few days ago shares could have been purchased around \$83 and \$84, but \$86.50 is now the figure. The rise is said to be due to the bringing in of a new well in the La Habra district which gives promise of being a prolific producer.

Union Oil advanced half a point and is quiet and firm at 92½. Union Provident and United Petroleum are practically at the same figure as was quoted last week. National Pacific has suffered a slight decline in value because of the assessment announced for March 17. A further drop is predicted. The trouble is said to be due to the sanding up of National Pacific wells, which involves heavy expenses in the cleaning.

Announcement last Wednesday that a new well has been brought in by the Maricopa Queen Company should send Maricopa Northern and Midway Northern up a few points at least, local brokers believe. The former stock has been selling at 4½ to 5c and the latter 9½ to 10. Neither security has figured on the board of late.

That marked activity in telephone stocks which has been in progress for the last month was notably absent this week, probably due to the investigations in the north. They are quoted at the same figure as last week.

Los Angeles Investment Company stock has been unusually active, selling in large quantities around \$4.09 and \$4.10.

Bank stocks have been exceptionally quiet with a small amount of German American changing hands at \$390, which is slightly above the previous selling price. The bond market is practically at a standstill. There is little or no activity in mining stocks. Money has been easy, and there seems to be little demand for it.

Banks and Banking

Combined earnings of the thirty-seven national banks in New York city in the period covered by the controller's calls of Feb. 20, 1912, and Feb. 4, 1913, amounted to \$27,081,000, as compared with \$23,677,000 for the preceding twelve months, or the period covered by the calls of March 7, 1911, and Feb. 20, 1912. Last year's earnings, therefore, represent a gain of approximately 14 per cent over those of the previous year. In the past twelve months, however, four of the banks failed to earn

anything above expenses, the same number as in the previous period, and these, for the purpose of the following analysis, may be omitted from the record of the year's return. That the twelve months ending Feb. 4 last were fairly profitable for the national banks of New York city, despite the general inactivity of the speculative markets, may be shown by the fact that the profitable banks of that period earned approximately 22.6 per cent on their combined capital and about 9.5 per cent on their combined capital and surplus. This compares with 18.8 per cent earned on the combined capital and 8.5 per cent on the combined capital and surplus in the preceding twelve months.

Since January 1, the amount of gold exported by New York banks reached with Saturday's shipment of \$3,100,000 to South America \$28,500,000. This was an unprecedented total for the period. In 1905 \$28,200,000 was sent out of the country in the corresponding six weeks, and in 1895 total shipments of \$26,700,000 were recorded. These are our very largest movements of the precious metal from the United States in recent years: \$62,000,000 in April and May, 1904; \$22,000,000 in May and June, 1903; \$54,000,000 in January, February and March, 1909, and \$32,000,000 in April, 1910.

Warning to the German banks to exercise greater restrictions in their foreign business appears to have borne fruit. While the demand of the German money needing concerns was considerable, foreign countries have approached the German market in a very moderate measure. Only 249,000,000 marks of last year's offerings consisted of foreign securities, or but little more than 6 per cent. of the total.

Bond and Stock Briefs

State board of control will purchase \$25,200 of the \$72,000 bond issue of Ontario, which was voted for road improvements.

Up to March 10, 2 p. m., the board of supervisors of this county will receive bids for the Owensmouth school district bonds of \$50,000, bonds to be of \$1000 each and bearing 5% interest. Certified check of 3% must accompany each bid.

Burbank will vote March 16 on an issue of \$50,000 for a water system and \$20,000 for electric lighting system.

Up to April 1, at 8 p. m. bids will be received by the city clerk of Oxnard for the purchase of 200 of the municipal water works bonds of \$500 each, bearing interest at 5 per cent.; certified check to be 5 per cent.

German investors have been looking with greater favor upon investments in stocks in recent years, with the result that the proportion of the annual security issues constituted by share capital has been showing a steady increase in late years. In 1912 the securities bearing fixed interest amounted to 2,726,000,000 marks, and the total stock issues to 1,276,000,000, or 32 per cent. of the total security issues for the year. In the previous year stock issues made up 28 per cent.; in 1910, 26.2 per cent.; in 1909, 21.7 per cent., and in 1908, 20.2 per cent. In 1911 the stock issues comprised but 15.4 per cent. of the total, and the increase since has been regular.

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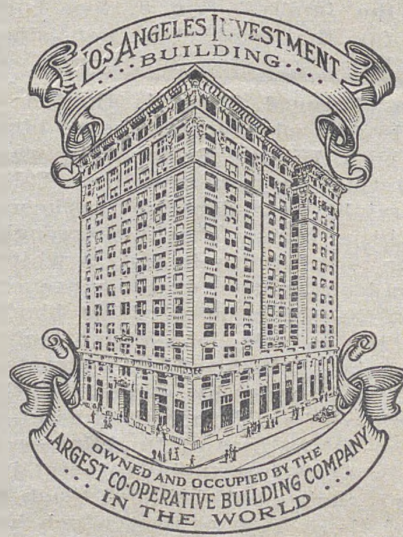
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